THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLV. No. 1155 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1953 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	473
DR. MALAN WINS	476
WESTERN EUROPE'S PROSPECT. By G. D. H. Cole	476
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	477
THIS ENGLAND	478
PEACE FOR TWO. By Sagittarius	478
LIBEL. By Kingsley Martin	478
THE A.B.C. AND THE ARMY. By Mervyn Jones	480
MARIA DUCE. By Florence O'Donoghue	480
THE AULD WITCH By Ritchie Calder	481
THE FIREMEN'S BAND. By Len Ortzen	482
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
The Drama of Defeat. By T. C. Worsley	483
Rubbra's Viola Concerto. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	484
Radio Notes. By Naomi Lewis	485
The Movies. By William Whitebait	486
CORRESPONDENCE	487
From David J. Raymont; E. H. Lane Poole; Harry Jones; H. W. Heckstall-Smith; Doreen Elderton; J. T. Golas; Kathleen Long; Viscount Esher, and others; Gerald Bromhead Walker.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	489
THE LIGHT. By John Holloway	490
REVIEWS:	Page
Eatanswill. By A. J. P. Taylor	490
The Twin and the Fortune. By Letitia Fairfield	490
Grand Tours for All. By Maurice Richardson	492
View Halloo! By Donald Davie	494
Colette. By Enid McLeod	494
A Disturbing Don. By J. O. Prestwich	494
Science in Cuneiform. By G. P. Thomson	496
The Last Phase. By K. John	496
New Novels. By Walter Allen	497
SHORTER REVIEWS	497
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	499
CHESS. By Assiac	499
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	500

The President's Two Lieutenants

IT is already clear that the Eisenhower Declaration—as the President's speech of last Thursday will no doubt be called by historians—is capable of at least two different interpretations. Mr. Dulles regards it purely as an instrument of psychological warfare and intends to exploit the President's moving plea against rearmament to regain the initiative in the cold war. He is concerned not with peace, but with a "peace offensive."

The Prime Minister's comment in the Commons last Monday was very different from that of Mr. Dulles both in tone and substance. It is no exaggeration, indeed, to say that, without mentioning the Secretary of State by name, Mr. Churchill contradicted him point by point. Mr. Dulles made it clear that high level talks were no part of *his* plan. Mr. Churchill hoped that "processes of good will might be at work that would lead to conversations at the highest level." Mr. Dulles followed the President's speech with an immediate threat to the Russians that America would hot up the cold war unless Moscow hastened its response. Mr. Churchill counselled patience and emphasised that he did not expect an immediate reply. His whole statement was, in fact, a tactful reminder to the President that, if Mr. Dulles is one lieutenant to whose advice he must listen, the British Prime Minister is another.

Mr. Dulles may represent the views of the Republican Party in Congress. Mr. Churchill, in this instance, speaks for all America's allies who believe that at last there may be a real chance of a *détente*, and so prefer to take Mr. Eisenhower's peaceful words at their face value. To which of his two lieutenants will the President pay heed? No doubt the Declaration (like President Wilson's Fourteen Points, which it resembles in other ways) was designed with deliberate ambiguity to serve both as a propaganda weapon and as an instrument of diplomacy. If the Russians and the Chinese really seek a settlement, the President has now stated in fairly precise terms the topics on which, in his view, agreement must be reached and the full list of U.S. demands. If, on the other hand, the Kremlin's peace feelers are merely propaganda, the Declaration will serve to place the onus of prolonging the cold war on the Russians.

Mr. Churchill was surely right to give the best possible interpretation to the Declaration, and so to rebuff Mr. Dulles. But we are under no illusion about the difficulties which will face Mr. Eisenhower, if he decides to listen to Mr. Churchill rather than to his own Secretary of State. The mass of Republican opinion still regards the mere talk of a settlement in Europe or the Pacific as "appeasement." A Republican President, therefore, who, thinking in terms of co-existence, seeks to proceed from a Korean armistice to a political settlement in the Pacific will be in for serious trouble.

The text of the Declaration itself illustrates the intensity of this internal pressure; though the words are pacific, the content is far from accommodating. Mr. Eisenhower must know well enough that, if the Chinese respond by signing an armistice in Korea and stopping any flow of supplies to the Viet Minh, the case for admitting Peking to the Security Council, and for ending the China blockade and Chiang Kai-shek's mainland interventions, will be irresistible. So, too, in Europe. If the Russians were to withdraw from Eastern Germany and permit free elections, the last justification for the desperate policy of rearming Western Germany would have gone.

All this is well understood in the White House. Yet in his Declaration it seems that Mr. Eisenhower dared not, even indirectly, suggest that Russian and Chinese concessions would have to be balanced on the American side. To do so, would mean exposing his Administration to the same McCarthy-MacArthurite calumny campaign as that to which Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson were subjected by the Republicans before the last election. It is a waste of time now to blame Mr. Eisenhower for having placed himself in this miserably weak position. But it is equally futile to sit around waiting for a firm peace policy

to emerge from the White House. The President will only succeed in resisting the bellicose pressure of his own party if he is subjected to even stronger pressure from his allies. From Britain in particular is needed not merely an implied rebuke to Mr. Dulles, but a practical programme of conciliation. If Mr. Eisenhower cannot, for domestic reasons, concede China's right to a place on the Security Council as soon as the Korean War is ended, Britain suffers no such inhibition. If the President can propose no sensible solution of the German problem for fear of offending Dr. Adenauer, the Prime Minister can do it for him. An interchange of high sounding declarations between Moscow and Washington is unlikely to lead us nearer peace, unless Britain intervenes with an agenda for settling some of the immediate problems which must arise after a Korean armistice.

Next week the Commons will debate foreign affairs and, in particular, the Eisenhower Declaration. It will be a momentous occasion. There will be those who are content to urge the need for discretion and for risking no words which could possibly embarrass the President or reveal the differences between British and American policy. The Labour Party at least must refuse to succumb to this sort of persuasion. It must remember that, to catch the ear of the American President, an Englishman must not be afraid to state his view as clearly and as loudly as Mr. Dulles and Senator McCarthy.

New Brooms in Pakistan

Since the Nazimuddin Government, by surrendering to pressure from the Mullahs, had failed to provide a new Constitution for Pakistan, Governor-General Ghulam Mohammed was able to justify his coup last week by Section 10 of the Government of India Act of 1935. The welcome accorded the Government he appointed is a measure of the economic, political and religious chaos into which Pakistan was rapidly drifting under the Nazimuddin regime. Now that the shock is already a week old, people begin to see many of the same old faces in the new Government. But there are less familiar ones too; the Prime Minister, Mr. Mohamed Ali, has the advantage of having been outside Pakistan's internal disputes, though the fact that he was Ambassador to Washington has raised queries as to American interest in the recent change-over. On the other hand, he and his Governor-General are both known to favour good relations with India, and his first step was the imaginative gesture of an exchange of friendly greetings with Mr. Nehru. The New Minister for Law and Minority Affairs (and Parliamentary Affairs), Mr. A. K. Brohi, is well known for his fight against the Basic Principles Committee's efforts to impose an Islamic Constitution; a firm stand against Mullahcracy is essential for the political and religious health of the country. Mr. Shoab Qureshi, who comes from Delhi, where he was High Commissioner, to take over the Ministry of Information and Kashmir Affairs, will be in a strong position to tackle the intransigent problem of Kashmir. So far, so good. But the real crux of the situation lies in Pakistan's desperate need for at least 1,500,000 tons of wheat, for which the United States is the main source. Will the new Government stand firm against any political ties, or any hint of military commitments? Like the other Asian nations, Pakistan cannot afford to trade her independence, even for food.

Aggression in Burma

Faced with well-documented evidence of the aggression of Kuomintang troops in Burma, neither the American delegate to the United Nations nor Chiang Kai-shek's spokesman could sustain their indifference or disclaim their responsibility. But too much attention had already been shown to saving the face of the rump in Formosa; the French delegate and the Australian, in their anxiety not to offend a potential ally, queried the use of the word "aggression"; Sir Gladwyn Jebb shared this view but was outspoken in condemning the supply of arms and munitions from Formosa which "must be stopped." He suggested that the Nationalists in Formosa should tell General Li Mi to stop fighting, and that the troops must be interned or evacuated. This was a much more realistic approach than that of the American Ambassador in Rangoon, who made the surprising suggestion to U. Nu that Burmese operations against the Kuomintang troops should be stopped as a preliminary to their repatriation. The Burmese Prime Minister replied by laying down a definite time-limit for them to surrender their arms and to leave Burma. The press in Rangoon (which has carried stories of Kuomintang aggression for at least two years) is showing some surprise and a certain alarm at the apparent desire—as expressed in the Mexican draft resolution—to avoid any reference to the Chinese Nationalist regime. Its existence depends on American patronage and, as U. Myint Thein, the Burmese delegate emphasised, the Kuomintang chargé d'affaires in Bangkok has already admitted complicity in sending supplies and troops.

The Politics of the Budget

The tremendous propaganda build-up which nowadays surrounds Budget Day goes a long way to ensure an immediately friendly reception. Most Chancellors, with the aid of a very complete press coverage and a peak-hour radio talk, can create the quick impression that their Budgets are either generously beneficent or, at least, romantically stern. A day or two later the romance is over, and the personal calculation begins. For twenty-four hours last week Mr. Butler had a great success. He told people (and almost the whole daily press took up the cry) both that the British economy had substantially recovered in the past year, and that there was something for everybody in his tax reliefs. Both these propositions are considerably disingenuous; and there is already some evidence that the Labour counter-attack on the Chancellor's propaganda is having its effect in the country. Certainly it has had its effect, however temporarily, in the Labour Party. On the Opposition front bench Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bevan co-operated as a formidable and well co-ordinated team. Mr. Wilson's attack on the unduly optimistic assumptions of the Chancellor's economic prognosis was a particularly weighty and cogent criticism, which visibly impressed listening Ministers. Mr. Thorneycroft's announcement of his protest to Washington in the affair of the Chief Joseph Dam and the English Electric tender was, indeed, a hint of the sort of difficulties which lie ahead of Mr. Butler's dollar drive. It is significant, considering the early jubilance of Government supporters, that the Gallup Poll reveals this Budget to be, so far, less popular than that of last year.

The Austin Inquiry

The Austin dispute has now dragged on for more than ten weeks, and the disruption of production at Longbridge is putting men out of work in component factories all over the Midlands. But, to judge from the snail's pace at which the Ministry of Labour inquiry is proceeding in London—at the end of the first week the court was still taking evidence from the strikers—no early settlement is in sight. The Vehicle Builders have given their version of the dispute—the victimisation of John McHugh—and so far Counsel for the management has tried to show, first, that McHugh was in fact dismissed in the normal way with other redundant workers and, secondly, that the Vehicle Builders Union called the strike in an unconstitutional manner.

The evidence concerning McHugh's dismissal, to say the least, is confusing. The union argues that the Austin management wanted to get rid of him, and therefore transferred him to the production line of a model that was soon to be discontinued, thereby ensuring that he became redundant. The management, however, say that there was no essential difference between the notice given to McHugh and that received by many other workers. On the second point, it seems that the union officials had ignored their own rules—because, in the words of the general secretary, they were proving "unworkable." The strike has been conducted under new rules, which a union conference approved last year, but which have not yet been registered with the Registrar-General. This, of course, is a technicality, but one that may prove important in the final findings of the court. The formal evidence, however, obscures rather than clarifies the real issue. Below the surface this strike is a fight between a militant union and a tough management to test their strength.

Loyalty in Unesco

After all Unesco's high-sounding promotion of Human Rights, the Executive Board has submitted to American pressure for tests of "loyalty," not to the Organisation, but to the Government of the employee—another infringement of the pledges which international civil servants take but which are no longer reciprocated. After days of private meetings and after a public session in Paris, at which the burden of the speeches was against the American demands, the Board accepted a specious compromise. The nature of the questionnaire to be applied in the future to *all* employees is to be submitted to member States; but, in the meantime, American employees will have forthwith to fill in a questionnaire used by the U.S. Civil Service. The Board, in Pontius Pilate fashion, "took no responsibility for the questionnaire" and gave the dubious assurance that refusal to answer the questions would not be regarded as "justifying" dismissal. It has, however, been made plain to American members of the staff that the "interests of the Organisation" will be better served if they do answer.

The implications of this latest surrender go

far beyond the American employees. Unesco will become the "common informer" for the political police of every country, since member States have the right to scrutinise the applications from their nationals. Information disclosed by the questionnaire will form the basis of dossiers on even unsuccessful applicants. Furthermore, if the U.S. Government insists that Unesco shall employ only "loyal" Americans, how is the Organisation to defeat the efforts of newly admitted Franco Spain to insist on similar "loyalty" tests? It may go hard with the Spaniards now in the Organisation: they are mainly Spanish refugees.

INDO-CHINA

War Comes to Laos

A Correspondent writes: In an interview in New York this week, the King of Cambodia admitted significantly that he found a growing feeling in his country that Viet Minh is fighting for its independence, and that thinking people did not "want to die for the French." Pricking the bubble of "freedom" implied in the 1949 Treaties with France, by which Cambodia, Laos and Viet Nam became "independent sovereign States" within the French Union, the King complained of restrictions on their judiciary and economy; "they have our hands and feet tied."

The King's attitude is shared by the peoples of the neighbouring kingdom of Laos—the fundamental reason why Ho Chi Minh's troops have made such a successful drive across the northern parts, meeting with practically no resistance. Who wants "to die for the French"? In areas controlled by the Viet Minh, peasants are given the land; their children—and they themselves—enjoy rights of education and improvements in agriculture, hygiene and rural economy; they feel human beings, not colonial puppets. For, as the King of Cambodia now admits, the 1949 Treaties meant no real transfer of power. French control had been confined mainly to the towns.

Meanwhile, a "Resistance front" between the peoples of Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos was set up in 1950. "If you [Vietnamese people] defeat the French colonialists," the Premier of the Resistance Coalition Government of Laos told a conference in February, 1951, "while Laos and Cambodia have not, you score only one-third of the victory. On the contrary, if we [the Laotian peoples] conquer the enemy while Viet Nam and Cambodia have not, we also score only one-third of the victory. Such, too, is the case of Cambodia." France, he added, wanted to use the Laos people to fight against Viet Nam and Cambodia. "They want to turn Laos into a base for American imperialists to prepare a third world war against democratic countries." In Paris, London and Washington this might be dismissed as "Communist propaganda." To the small peasants in Laos and Cambodia, 90 per cent. illiterate and with their backward economy long sacrificed for years to the needs of the French economy, such words were a call to action. If Viet Minh troops approach these villages in Cambodia, as they have done so successfully in Laos, the King is right when he tells the world that he could not call for a general mobilisation. "The people will say the French are encircled and that their end has come."

At the end of 1950, when Ho Chi Minh's guerilla forces moved into the Tonkin Delta, Washington went to the aid of the French; overnight, General Francis Brink, head of the American Military Aid Advisory Group, concerted with General de Tassigny plans to step up guns and ammunition. Six months later, Mr. Thomas Dewey records that "in the presence of his staff and of Emperor Bao Dai, the great French general threw his arms around General Brink and said: 'He was my salvation'." In 1953, victory seems farther off than ever to the puppet Emperor. For the war in Indo-China is not a purely military problem; it is, in essence, the struggle of a people to be free from colonialism. Its significance lies in the fact that, in the overall world situation, Indo-China is regarded—to quote Mr. Thomas Dewey again—as "the cornerstone of the cornerstone" of the Pacific defences of America. The danger is that the tension, now relaxing in Korea, may shift to the more strategically important countries of Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia. Now, when the end of the war in Korea seems in sight, is the moment to discuss a settlement of other Pacific problems; the recognition of Ho Chi Minh, like that of Mao Tse-tung must be part of it.

ARGENTINA

Peron in Trouble

A Correspondent writes: Two weeks ago, Juan Duart, personal secretary of President Peron since 1946 and brother of the late Eva Peron, committed suicide after resigning his post under duress. This occurred in the wake of one of Peron's strongest political speeches in which he blamed the economic ills of the country on "corruption in high places." Last week the Peronista trade unions rallied 150,000 workers in the Plaza de Mayo to hear Peron shout that the nation was being menaced by the activities of corrupt profiteers directed from abroad. His arguments were thunderously driven home by the timely explosion of two bombs which killed six unsuspecting bystanders and also helped to add that extra "touch" that transformed the political rally into a frenzy of loyalty. These incidents are the culmination of several weeks of backstage shifts in the Peronista hierachy. Col. Mercante, formerly one of Peron's closest associates, was ousted from the Peronista Party. Jose Freire, Minister of Labour, resigned his post under fire. Several other Ministers and minor officials have been expelled or imprisoned. These critical developments hardly conceal the agricultural decline which underlies Argentina's economic and political problems. Under the combined pressure of population growth, a rapidly increasing internal demand, a serious rural exodus to the manufacturing centres, and, most important of all, a fumbling government policy bent on autarchy at all costs, Argentina's agriculture has been unable to effect the changes in structure and equipment that are necessary for increased production in an expanding economy.

In 1946 the nationalisation of the telephone services cost the government U.S. $94,991,364. Later, in 1948, the British-owned railroads were nationalised at a considerable cost. The repurchase of the country's foreign debt and a grandiose public works programme were added to these items: the spending spree was to be financed by Argentina's agriculture and, it was hoped, by the newly rising industries. Since the war, there has been a relative increase in industrial production, but this, as a U.N. report suggests, "is due rather to a greater decline in agriculture and livestock production, which in 1950 was below the 1935 level." The depopulation of the countryside has caused an acute labour shortage, while inflation and rising costs of production have effectively prevented any considerable mechanisation of the farms. In 1948 there were only 33,000 tractors in Argentina, and of these, 14,500 were pre-1935 models.

In 1941, 7.3 million hectares of wheat were sown; in 1950, only 6.9 million. Maize and linseed acreages also declined considerably. The average of grain, grain by-products, and meat exports for the years 1937-39 was 11,811 million tons; in 1948 this figure came down to 6,640 million tons, and in 1949 to 4,294 million tons. At the same time, between 1943 and 1950, the population increased from 15 millions to 17.5 millions. Last year, things came very near the breaking point when meat shortages moved the Government to prohibit the sale and consumption of meat once a week. This was in addition to the virtually meatless Friday of a predominantly Catholic country. Also in 1952, Argentine had to import wheat for the first time in history.

The incidents of the past few days, the wave of arrests and dismissals, and the severe new "informers" law are evident symptoms that the economic deterioration of the country is getting to be too much even for the well-drilled Peronista trade union leaders. Peron himself, a skilful demagogue if nothing else, has shown that he is desperate enough to use any means to rally the workers' support—his main source of strength at this time when discontent is obvious both in the union hierarchy and in the Army.

WASHINGTON

Bye-pass Round the Fifth Amendment

A Correspondent writes: A witness pleading the Fifth Amendment—which permits a man to refuse to testify if he fears incrimination—has become a familiar sight to anyone who attends Congressional inquiries, or, as millions do on the big occasions, watches them on television. Though it does not necessarily protect a witness from a contempt citation, it has offered some protection to those who prefer silence to cross-examination or the role of the informer.

The Senate Judiciary Committee, however, now has before it two draft Bills, each of which would bye-pass the barrier that the Fifth Amendment offers to interrogation. The first, sponsored by that experienced inquisitor, Senator McCarran, would guarantee a witness immunity from prosecution if he testifies, such a guarantee being at the disposal of a two-thirds majority of any committee, and requiring the consent of at least one member of the minority party. When the Democrats controlled Congress last year they refused to accept a similar measure, but the Nevada Senator now seems confident that he can get it through the Senate with the help of a few more crypto-Republicans like himself. The danger with such a Bill, of course, is that it might encourage eager informers to exceed themselves in denunciation of people in public life who would enjoy no means of redress.

Secondly, Senator Kefauver, who had some experience of silent witnesses when he was responsible for the inquiry into the American underworld, has a differently worded Bill which would give the Attorney-General power to grant immunity to a witness if he certifies that such action is in the public interest. This seems only slightly less dangerous than giving power of this kind to an investigating committee of politicians, especially when the last three years have given many examples of the way procedure can be manipulated in favour of "friendly" witnesses and against those the committee chairman considers "hostile." If the time has come to start tearing up the Bill of Rights, it would be more honest—though less expected of Senator McCarran—to do it by the frontal assault of constitutional amendment, rather than by a measure which keeps the Fifth Amendment on paper and murders it in fact.

Dr. Malan Wins

WHEN the Purified National Party of Dr. Malan scraped home in the South African elections of 1948, the leaders of the United Party (its only serious rival) excused themselves by saying that the racialist demagogy of the "Nats." had "taken them by surprise." Expecting to win, the U.P. had allowed its machine to fall rusty: next time it should be different and next time, too, many "sound men" who had "mistakenly" chosen the Nats. in 1948 would have learnt better. It has turned out otherwise. Although the U.P. exerted itself to the utmost in the electoral campaign which ended last week, and its leaders were careful to say nothing which should in any way annoy orthodox White opinion, the Nats. have not scraped home but romped home. Their majority in Parliament is much bigger than before.

Electoral peculiarities partly explain this. Such is the weighting in favour of rural seats that five urban votes are required to equal the effective parliamentary value of four rural votes. Nationalists were calculating before the election that they needed only 38 per cent. of the votes in order to obtain 55 per cent. of the seats. Even with their big majority of 29, they are still in a minority of votes; but the minority is smaller than it was before. What the results show, allowing full weight to these peculiarities, is that the "gentlemanly racialism" of the United Party will never be a match for the natural Fascist product. People prepared to maintain their privileges by violence and repression will always, when pushed to the point, choose for the worst: in all the forms of Fascism there is an inherently degrading factor, and Dr. Malan's system is certainly a form of Fascism.

Complete master in the political field, the Nationalist Party may now be expected to think itself strong enough to do what it likes with the South Africa Act—the country's nearest thing to a constitution. Already—and often with the connivance of the United Party—it has played ducks and drakes with every sane and democratic notion of government. The only remaining brake on Nationalist extremism rests in the economic field, where Dr. Malan and his friends cannot match their political mastery.

Unhappily, the brake is not a strong one. It is a measure of the hopelessness of South Africa's future that the bulk of foreign capital (now increasingly American) is invested in mining—is invested, that is, in a system which depends for its profits on the use of cheap African labour and, therefore, on the prolongation of "White supremacy." While the growth of manufacturing has thrown up an enlightened group of non-Nationalist manufacturers who understand that they can never operate their factories efficiently on "cheap African labour," but must be ready to train a skilled African labour force, it remains true that the mining interests dominate the economic scene. And the Rand Chamber of Mines has continued and continues—as it told the Mine Native Wages Commission ten years ago—to lay "great stress on the fact that its policy was to employ cheap Native labour."

The mining interests are, therefore, unlikely to regard with any real dismay the failure of their party—the United Party—to win last week. They may even feel a sense of relief, since they can continue to enjoy the benefits of "cheap Native labour" without suffering the reputation abroad of being guilty of its racialist consequences. Even though they cannot now hope for coalition between the United Party and the Nats.—and the leading United Party advocate of coalition, Dr. Colin Steyn, was himself defeated last week—the mining interests will still tend to feel that they can always "reach common ground" with the Nats. Since they dominate the United Party, it follows from last week's results that the United Party is now a spent force in terms of saving South Africa from the suicide of racial extremism. Perhaps it always was a spent force in that sense: now we know for certain that it is.

What remains? For the ten or eleven million non-Europeans in South Africa, the outlook is terrible. Violent repression of their non-violent resistance to racialism seems bound to grow into a consistent policy. Having introduced the lash before the general election, the Nats. may now be relied upon to use it more recklessly than ever. If Swart, the Minister of Justice, could say last November that the "police had instructions to take drastic action where there is a threat of a clash between Europeans and non-Europeans"—only a *threat*, please note— what will he and his fellow-Ministers say now?

There is the prospect of growing extremism both on the White and non-White side of the colour line. The best of the African, Indian, and Coloured leaders have based their passive resistance on the principles of multi-racial democracy. In so far as they are not in prison, they can still make their voices heard. With violent repression of non-violent resistance, it would be rash to hope that their voices will be listened to much longer by the non-White masses. There will then be other forms of struggle. Wild voices crying for a "Black Africa" can already be detected; and the exploits of Mau Mau farther north will not have gone unnoticed. It is hard to see how the terrors of racial war can be averted; and it will not lessen the tragedy, although it may affect our sympathies, to know that it is the Whites who started it.

A minority of Whites, both in and outside the United Party, understands this very well. After last week's failure of "moderate racialism" it would be foolish to think that this small liberal minority can exert any influence over the immediate course of events. What it can do, however, is to put itself into such a posture as to exert an influence over the ultimate course of events. No matter what evils may now befall this pain-wracked country, the Whites are there to stay. Sooner or later they will have to reach a basis of mutual tolerance and equality with non-Whites. A beginning will have to be made somewhere, some time, in constructing a common front against racialism, White or Black; and the appalling fact now is that there is no such beginning. Yet a handful of Whites has already taken a lead by participating in the non-White campaign of passive resistance; and another handful of courageous White trade unionists has worked for years against racialism. It is surely time—and it cannot be too late, no matter how dark the future—that this small White minority joined firm hands with one another and found a means of organised co-operation with the African, Indian, and Coloured communities. They would follow a hard road. But they would know, at least, that they were treading the *only* road to salvation.

Western Europe's Prospect

IN these days of Cold War economic strategy it is difficult to find any agency prepared to study facts objectively and to report on them without *parti pris*. This gives special importance to the work of the Economic Commission for Europe, as the one agency which still includes the countries on both sides of the Iron Curtain. E.C.E.'s most recent report,* in which it surveys the whole economic record of the European countries since 1945, is a document of outstanding quality, and one which it would need a dozen articles to review at all thoroughly. Above all, it brings out two things—the extent to which the countries behind the iron curtain have succeeded both in hitting the economic targets they set themselves and in making their economies almost independent of Western Europe and of the dollar area; and the immensity of the distance which the West European countries have still to travel before they can hope to solve their balance-of-payments problems and to achieve independence of American aid. E.C.E.'s conclusions are indeed ominous for Western Europe; for, after emphasising the speed and magnitude of its recovery after 1945, the report goes on to show how very far recovery has fallen short of the structural changes that are requisite, and what great obstacles, political as well as economic, are still blocking the way. Reasons are given, too, for fearing that the recession which is already upon us may get worse, and that, at the best, it is bound to take a long time, even if the Western countries face realities, to bring their production into line with modern standards and with market demands.

The question these conclusions immediately suggest is this. If "gift" dollars, whether for economic aid or for spending upon armaments, ceased to flow from the United States to Western Europe, what would happen to the West European economies? Unless there were simultaneously a huge increase either in American loans to Western Europe or in West European exports to the United States, there would have to be a further drastic cut in imports of dollar goods, and the European peoples would have either to replace these with additional supplies from other parts of the world or, in the short run at least, to go without. But the prospect of replacing supplies of dollar goods would be, at least for a considerable time, but small; for there are either no, or but scanty, surpluses to spare of either the essential foodstuffs or the no less essential materials which have to be paid for at present in dollars. Of some of these goods Western Europe could, given time, greatly increase its own production; and it could, by judicious investment in non-dollar areas, in time secure a considerable

* *Economic Survey of Europe since the War*: a Re-appraisal of Problems and Prospects. United Nations. Geneva, 1953. 25*s*.

increase in alternative supplies. But neither of these things could be done quickly; and there are powerful obstacles in the way of doing either of them, even in the long run, on a sufficient scale. In the absence of American gifts, supplies from the dollar areas would have to be drastically cut long before there could be any hope of adequate replacements. West European standards of living would have to fall, not only because the goods needed to sustain them could no longer be bought, but also because the structural economic changes needed to replace them by alternative supplies would require for a number of years a very high rate of capital investment both at home and abroad.

No doubt, if Americans were ready to finance this investment without tying it in any way to purchases of American goods, the fall in standards could be minimised. But there is small likelihood of this. The policy of the United States is to encourage *private* investment; but American investors have so far shown hardly any willingness to put their money into foreign ventures except in oil—and such investment does not help at all towards solving Europe's dollar problem, and may even make it worse if it accentuates European dependence on dollar oil. Nor do the prospects of heavy *public* investments from the United States seem any brighter; for, even if they were forthcoming, the conditions attached to them would, in all probability, make the situation worse by insistence on convertibility of currencies, no discrimination, and freedom for dollar imports from restrictions on quantity. As for continued gifts on a sufficient scale to meet the need, they are conceivable only in conjunction with a level of spending on arms that would, in any event, condemn the European countries to beggary.

The solution of Western Europe's problem has, then, to be sought in decreased dependence on dollar supplies, however unpalatable the immediate effects. The alternative—a sufficient flow of West European exports to dollar markets—is impracticable. There is no real prospect of the Americans tearing down their protective tariffs; and even if they did, it is most unlikely that European manufacturers could undercut American to anything like a sufficient extent.

The greatest part of the problem lies in Western Europe's dependence on dollar supplies of food and, next after food, of oil. On the Continent —above all, in France—the root of the trouble is the failure to improve either total food production or agricultural productivity. In this country, we have secured, at a price, a considerable but still quite inadequate increase in food production. But over a large part of the Continent, hardly anything has been done to improve agricultural yields by judicious investment; and, with non-European countries providing smaller exportable surpluses, prices of non-dollar foodstuffs have risen sharply since the 1930s in terms of manufactured goods. In face of rapidly rising populations in the food-producing countries, and of the demands of their peoples for a better standard of life, there is little prospect of the terms of trade shifting back to the advantage of the industrial countries. Thus the most urgent need of all is to increase agricultural production and development in Western Europe, including Great Britain. This means heavy investment in the land—investment which is bound to be competitive with investment in industry and with the building of houses, schools and hospitals, and also with the natural desire of the people to maintain their consumption.

Industrial production and productivity have alike risen much faster in Western Europe since 1945 than they did at any time between 1920 and 1939. But the advance has now been slowing down for some time in all the countries concerned; and in some a decline in production—and perhaps in productivity also—has already set in. This has occurred because, when countries are compelled to restrict their imports on account of balance-of-payment difficulties, they necessarily begin to beggar one another, at any rate in the short run. Restriction of imports cannot be concentrated exclusively on dollar supplies, and it is bound to mean a fall in exports. Last year we managed, by cutting imports from Europe, to transfer a part of our dollar deficit to the French, who had to retaliate by cutting their imports; and Western Europe's situation has been worsened by the embargoes on East-West trade and on European trade with China. There is no way out of these difficulties as long as cold war continues.

In such a situation as this, what utter nonsense is the current talk about a return to freely convertible currencies and an ending of all discriminatory trade practices! Such things would be possible only in a world from which the existing disequilibria had been banished, and countries were improving their productive methods more or less in step. The first need today, as far as Western Europe is concerned, is not to "liberate" trade or currencies but to achieve higher production and a more economical use of resources, including manpower, in both agriculture and industry; and also, unless the barriers between East and West can be broken down, to make up speedily for the contraction of the world market by intensive development of the backward countries that remain open, both as markets and as sources of supply.

How much economic collaboration do these needs require? Americans are particularly apt to postulate a Western Europe from which every obstacle to the free movement of goods, of capital, and of manpower would have been removed, and to dilate upon the vast increases in productivity that could be achieved by so large a "collective"—acting, of course, on strictly individualist principles. But what could be less realistic than such a vision? In a free, individualist Europe of this sort, some countries would be enriched and others impoverished: there would have to be vast migrations of people as the only alternative to mass unemployment in the high-cost areas. National governments would have to tell their electorates that they had surrendered all power to maintain the level of employment or to foster desirable forms of investment within their territories. Even the limited experience of Benelux shows how fantastic the dream of an economically unified Western Europe is, under conditions at all resembling those of today, or under any system of capitalistic production. Only a dictator could attempt to establish such a super-country; and even the most ruthless dictator would hardly succeed.

The natural demand of the people of each country for full employment and social security is far too strong for the capitalistic dream of unity to be acceptable. Short of it, there can be much more essential European planning within limits that do not call either for mass migrations of population or for the dictation of investment solely by the individual's quest for profit. In such planning Great Britain and the sterling area can play their parts, when it is clearly understood that they are not being thereby inveigled into the surrender of all control over policies which determine national well-being, and that the purpose is not to integrate either the Continent or the Commonwealth into a permanent half-world shut off from the countries boycotted by the United States.

What, then, is to be done—by the French, by the Italians, by ourselves, and by all the Western countries to which E.C.E.'s gloomy analysis applies? Continuance as we are involves more and more complete subjection to the United States, and therewith exposure to sheer disaster if the Americans either fall into a serious recession or withdraw economic aid. The only alternative is a speedy and intensive effort to transform our economies—to raise production and productivity in both agriculture and industry and, while we are doing this, to tighten our belts to any extent that may be needed. We must not mistake the respite we have got during the past year for even the beginning of a solution.

G. D. H. COLE

London Diary

No one in high authority has ever put more vividly the cost of cold war.

> What can the world—or any nation in it—hope for if no turning is found on this dread road? The worst to be feared and the best to be expected can be simply stated. The worst is atomic war. The best would be this: a life of perpetual fear and tension; a burden of arms draining the wealth and labour of all peoples; a wasting of strength that defies the American system or the Soviet system or any system to achieve true abundance and happiness for the peoples of the earth. . . .
>
> The world in arms . . . is spending the sweat of its labourers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children. The cost of one modern heavy bomber is this: a modern brick school in more than thirty cities. It is: two electric power plants, each serving a town of sixty thousand population. It is: two fine, fully equipped hospitals. It is some fifty miles of concrete highway. We pay for a single fighter plane with a half-million bushels of wheat. We pay for a single destroyer with new homes that could have housed more than eight thousand people. . . . This is not a way of life at all, in any true sense. Under the cloud of threatening war, it is humanity hanging from a cross of iron.

This deserves to be kept on the record. If it is political warfare, let's have more of it. It is the truth, East or West of the Iron Curtain. Coming from Moscow this language would be called propaganda. Whether it is political warfare or statesmanship in the mouth of President Eisenhower—for this is an extract from his last speech—depends on the actions that follow.

* * *

I fear that Mr. Cohn and Mr. Schine have returned to America with a sense that they haven't been fully appreciated. Some journalists have written almost as if Cohn and Schine were the names of two crooners in a musical. Actually, one is a lawyer and the other a millionaire's son, which should of course win them the highest consideration, even if they were not witch-hunting for Senator McCarthy. Some people have thought them too young and inexperienced. This is to misconceive their job and the qualifications demanded. Older and more experienced men might have hesitated to report on America's Information Services in Europe on the basis of one day per country. These two remarkable young men were able to decide whether these Services were being carried out efficiently and whether the personnel was loyal in Germany and Austria, for instance, merely by interviewing some 140 officials in about four working days. Older and experienced men could not have rivalled this feat. They would have been bothered, too, by such arguments as that libraries ought to contain Marxist literature because Marx, like other authors, cannot be refuted without being read. Liberal arguments of this type do not confuse people with the strong, simple purposes of Messrs. Cohn and Schine. Men with experience

would not expect to understand the B.B.C. and its relation with parties and governments after half an hour's talk. In short, these two young men with unformed, but tightly shut minds, like aborted rosebuds, are just what Senator McCarthy needs to enable him to declare, on high authority, that Radio Free Europe contains 763 Communists and crypto-Communists; that the B.B.C. is engaged in anti-American propaganda, and that the whole Service must be speedily purged and restocked with personnel which can be relied on to work for McCarthy as President in 1956.

* * *

One might have hoped that an exchange of sick and wounded prisoners could remain a straightforward human affair. But no, total war brings with it new refinements and new words to describe them. The *Daily Telegraph's* special correspondent at Panmunjom last Monday reported that British officers had arrived in Korea to reindoctrinate our men "by pointing out the cheap propaganda which had been fed to them during their captivity." Following up a menacing communiqué issued a few days ago from the U.S. Department of Defence, he warned us that one reason why reindoctrination would be required was because—according to some accounts—prisoners had been well treated in their camps. No wonder that General Mark Clark issued an order that United Nations soldiers showing Communist tendencies should not be allowed to meet United Nations correspondents, and added solicitiously—did he mean us to smile?—"It would not be fair to a man to submit him to such an ordeal at this time."

Well, well, in the bad old days we used to complain if our enemies treated our prisoners badly. Now we complain because they treat them too well. If some of our wounded soldiers have come back with new ideas and sentiments about the Asian revolution, is it really such an unmitigated disaster? I cannot help feeling that our leaders have very short memories. True, none of our prisoners, as far as I know, came back from Japanese war camps filled with love and kindness for the "yellow bastards." But if they had, and we had reindoctrinated them to hate the Japs, we should be busy de-reindoctrinating them now. Allies change so fast that I recommend General Mark Clark to leave well alone.

* * *

There is another matter that strikes me about this whole question of prisoner indoctrination. If literate Englishmen and Americans succumb so easily to good food and a few lectures on Marxist Leninism, what about the thousands of illiterate Koreans and Chinese who received good rations and were initiated into the American way of life at the P.X. store? For twelve months the Korean war has been going on because some of them refuse to go home. Can it be that they too were feloniously indoctrinated and that all that is required is a reindoctrination by Chinese officers?

* * *

Perhaps the most piquant passage of Mr. Churchill's speech last Saturday was his qualified denial of the rumour that he intends to go to the country after the Coronation. I have good reason for stating that what prompted Mr. Churchill's statement was his genuine indignation at the suggestion that Mr. Butler had framed an "election" Budget. As an old-fashioned Liberal the Prime Minister was genuinely delighted to listen to a Budget speech which discarded the new-fangled post-war notion of a "surplus to mop inflationary purchasing power." Mr. Churchill feels that a Chancellor should be exclusively concerned to raise taxes in order to pay for Government expenditure. One of the reasons why he is now so fond of Rab, whom he used to dislike, is because the Chancellor has dispensed with the elaborate and statistical prediction which forms such a large part of Labour Budget speeches and decided frankly to gamble on a hunch as Chancellors used to do in the good old days. He was outraged, therefore, when what he regards as the return to sound finance was described as an election stunt and had decided to disprove the accusation by categorically asserting that there will be no election this autumn. Mr. Butler, no doubt, was grateful to the Prime Minister for his ardent support, but he is too good a politician gratuitously to limit the Government's field of manœuvre. So this passage in Mr. Churchill's speech was redrafted at the last moment to include safeguards which leaves the issue open.

* * *

Mr. Frank Moraes, the independent and hard-hitting editor of the *Times of India*, is having a splendid battle with the Bombay Legislative Assembly. The row began because the *Times* bitterly criticised the Government's prohibitionist policy. Mr. Desai, the chief Minister of Bombay, described this criticism as vilification and was indiscreet enough to say that if the *Times* did not change its tune the Government's only recourse was to withhold official advertising from its columns. It appeared that there exists a secret list of journals whose uncritical treatment of the Bombay Government entitles them to preferential advertising. The row has taken a new turn now because the *Times of India* has described as "contemptible" an action of a member of the Legislature who questioned the grant of a special liquor licence to judges on health grounds. I see that the *Times* has properly refused a demand for an apology by the Assembly. Whether its criticisms have been just is neither here nor there; what matters is that Mr. Moraes is standing boldly for freedom of the Press.

* * *

Almost without exception the national newspapers have publicised *The Real Mackay*, the posthumous volume of writings by Ian Mackay of the *News Chronicle*. This is unusual because newspapers are rarely kind to journalists identified with their rivals. It is another tribute to a character who has summed himself up in his own epitaph, which is published in the book.

When the time comes when I am not
Some friend no doubt will say "His head was hot."
While some fair charmer when the tale is told
Will sigh and murmur "And his feet were cold."
And then I hope they'll walk off arm in arm
And say together "But his heart was warm."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Buying a cup of tea in the railway buffet at Charing Cross Station, I found all the teaspoons so dirty as to be almost a danger to health. When I pointed this out to the young woman at the desk, her excuse was: "Well, if we polished them, people would steal them!"—Letter in the *Daily Herald*. (C. P. Jones.)

The campaign against the grey squirrel—now declared Public Pest No. 1 by the Forestry Commission which has offered 1s. a tail—has been suspended because the squirrels are mating. Young squirrels might be left to starve in the nests.—*Hampstead and Highgate Express*. (R. E. A. Richards.)

Coronation Sausages in full colour, Red, White and Blue.—Advert. in *Cambridge Daily News*. (W. R. Macmillan.)

PEACE FOR TWO

"It is a tragedy that Britain did not take the lead in responding to the moves of the new Russian Government." Mr. John Strachey. April 18.

Peace for Two and Two for peace!
With peace in view our hopes increase
That plans for brutal war may cease
Straightway;
But Britain waits to intercede
And hesitates to act with speed
And so the States assume the lead
Today.

Though as free men we think alike,
And guarantee to second Ike,
Why did not we the iron strike
While hot?
We failed to take our chance to be
The first peacemaker of the Three—
A grave mistake it is that we
Did not.

While peace for Two means peace for more,
If plans go through to end cold war,
What Two may do we should before
Have done.
When Two are met without a Third,
We shall regret we are not heard—
A peace-duet would be preferred
By One.

No matter who sends out the call,
Hope springs anew for great and small;
That peace for Two is peace for all
We see,
But with a general truce in view,
When talks again the two renew,
The pact will then be made by Two
Not Three.

We too could show the Communist
We with Moscow could co-exist,
But being slow, we now have missed
Our cue.
Democracy her hand extends,
But all will see, when peace descends,
That not on Three world peace depends,
But Two.

SAGITTARIUS

Libel

LORD SALISBURY once said that if you ask the soldiers, nothing is safe; if you ask the theologians, nothing is innocent; if you ask the doctors, nothing is healthy. To which the journalist may add that if you ask the lawyers, nothing is publishable. Indeed, the latest expositors of the libel law* ironically remark that the only way to avoid running all risk of libel is to write nothing at all. The question then arises, "what is the use of lawyers?"

The answer is that the law is so complex that once you get into its clutches you are helplessly involved in technicalities which only lawyers can deal with, and that a lawyer, who is also experienced in the newspaper world, is, like any other expert, valuable as long as you do not pay him too much attention. What you have to decide is not what is technically defamatory, but what you ought to publish and how to say it with the greatest effect. You have yourself to decide on the sensible line between the use of reckless words and a cowardly and useless formulation which disguises your meaning; and what, in any case, is the risk of an action being taken and its possible consequences if it is taken. On the only occasion in which this journal has fought a case in the courts in the last twenty-odd years, the part of the libel which the lawyers thought dan-

* *The Law of Libel and Slander*. By OSWALD S. HICKSON and P. F. CARTER-RUCK. *Faber & Faber*. 30s.

gerous proved to be absolutely justified, and the words which the judge (acting as judge and jury in wartime) thought unfair comment were not even regarded as being "capable of defamatory meaning" by several particularly learned representatives of the Bar. Oddly enough, I disagreed with the lawyers on both points. I thought the judge was right in deciding that the words were defamatory, but I differed from him in thinking their innuendo was unfair comment.

The use and limitations of legal advice to a journalist will perhaps appear most clearly if I give some personal examples from my own experience. I should divide threats of libel into three rough categories. First, there are the actions threatened by persons whose public doings have been deliberately attacked. The second are actions that arise from mistakes such as occur in all papers; occasionally one of them may prove legally serious. Thirdly, there are libels arising from chance identification of the type immortalised by the Artemus Jones example. It is with this third category that the recent emendation of the law was particularly concerned.

First the attacks. Once, many years ago, I referred in disparaging terms to a gentleman whom Lloyd George had also strongly criticised in his Memoirs. This gentleman's legal representative sounded fierce until Lloyd George was known to be snorting like a warhorse at the prospect of battle. It would have been a wonderful case, with all Lloyd George's vast store of documentary evidence and money at the disposal of the defence. I was quite disappointed when the solicitor acting on behalf of this paper managed to settle the case with a formal apology. In another case a person, whose record we criticised, settled for a small sum of money and a statement in which we formally withdrew innuendos which we certainly did not intend. Not only did we not apologise for the substance of our criticism, but we actually repeated it in the issue of the paper which carried the agreed statement. This was, in fact, victory and vindication. The snag was that careless readers (and most readers are careless), may have assumed that we had withdrawn our criticism.

On both these occasions we might have done better without legal advice. On others I can think of, we should have been sunk without the astute and energetic handling of the threat by lawyers who understood not only the law but also the object and principles of this journal. This type of understanding is particularly important when it comes to the question of an "agreed statement." Words of formal apology are seldom valuable. They are read with scepticism since they are clearly legally dictated; they may be annoying to the journal since they are likely to be a confession of error of which the paper was not guilty, but which it may prefer to admit rather than spend time and money in the law courts. My peculiar grouse against the law in this matter is that, once someone with a grievance sends you a lawyer's letter, it is risky to answer except through lawyers, even in cases where a simple and friendly letter of explanation, or publication of the complaint in the correspondence columns, might settle the matter. My own technique has usually been to offer space to anyone who has a *bona fide* complaint; if it is justified this offers the opportunity for a sincere instead of an enforced apology; if it is not justified the result may be a lively controversy. It puzzles me that daily and Sunday newspapers so seldom adopt this practice of printing criticism of themselves; it would add to their authority. Perhaps because of the fear of admitting liability or perhaps because editors fear the wrath of proprietors if they fail to pretend infallibility—a pretence which deceives no one—they usually refuse apologies or corrections.

The worst cases I have known arise from mistakes. One bad example was caused by a confusion in proof reading. An exceedingly defamatory, unjustified and identifiable libel arose because the printer thought some deleted words had been "stetted." I recall another occasion on which a reporter, whose reliability had been tested in a former series of articles, produced an amusing and politically significant article quoting from two contemporary writers in the popular press whose views were very different but whom he insisted were actually one and the same person. I pooh-poohed the notion, and only took it seriously when he produced a letter from a firm of private detectives who claimed that they had investigated the matter and confirmed our correspondent. Even then, to make assurance doubly sure I refused to publish the article until the writer had been personally cross-examined by a well-known firm of solicitors. When I came to the office on Monday morning I was presented with writs for libel from both the persons concerned; each of them, very naturally, complained that their sincerity and professional status as writers had been impugned. Directly I saw the "private detective" concerned—an ex-C.I.D. man who had not really investigated at all—I knew that there was nothing to do but to grovel and pay up. This is the only occasion on which I remember being told by a leading Counsel that I was suffering from taking an excessive amount of legal advice!

We now come to the third type of threat. The Artemus Jones case has made all writers aware of the danger that they may, by pure inadvertence, describe circumstances or use names which might, in the eyes of a "reasonable person," defame someone they have not even heard of.

Sometimes threats reach newspapers which are obviously not to be taken seriously. I recall, for instance, that in the days when Hubert Phillips (Caliban) used to set puzzles in this paper he invented a fictitious Dr. Bolus (which means a horsepill) who was described as behaving meanly towards his children. We received a legally phrased letter on behalf of a Dr. Bolus, of whom we had not heard, but who, it was said, had a daughter and was alleged to be defamed by Caliban. Daily papers, I know, pay considerable sums each year to save themselves the trouble of legal defence against claims that may contain scarcely more substance than this one. Sometimes such accidental identifications may be serious. It is not safe, if you are inventing a disreputable character, merely to make sure that no such name appears in the telephone book or to put together a strange set of unlikely syllables to make a name which, as you think, no one could possibly have. On the contrary, almost every name you can think of seems to have been adopted by at least one person, who has therefore proof positive, since the name is so rare, that you intended to defame him. It is safer, though dull, to call all villains Smith.

Another snag is that in the effort to make sure that no one could believe himself identified in a piece of fiction, you may easily make an alteration that makes matters worse. A story appeared in this journal in which a purely fictional character of disagreeable habits was given an occupation and characteristics which were supposed to remove any danger that anyone could imagine then applying to any real person. Astoundingly, it proved that a gentleman with this occupation and some of these characteristics did, in fact, exist and that last-minute changes to add to the improbability of his existence had increased the chances of identification.

The Defamation Act of 1952 attempts, amongst other things, to lessen this danger for the novelist, publisher, editor and printer. It will now be considered a defence in libel actions of this nature to have published, or offered to publish, a suitable correction or sufficient apology where the writer is able to show that he did not intend to defame anyone and had no reason to think that he was doing so. It is for hints as to how the new Act may work that journalists will look particularly in the new book by Hickson and Carter-Ruck. They may well conclude that the machinery of apology under the new Act is too cumbersome to be effective. But the existence of this new form of defence will further tend to discourage people who claim to have been defamed in works of fiction from pressing for damages when a published statement is, in justice, all that is necessary to meet the case.

I do not think the English law of libel has now been made perfect by the Defamation Act of 1952. My principal complaints against it apply, however, to the law as a whole rather than to the law of libel in particular. In the first place it is ludicrously expensive. It is not so much that juries sometimes mulct defendants for absurdly high damages; it is the legal costs that are preposterous. Heavy costs, likely to be incurred even in a successful action, combined with the extreme uncertainty of the outcome of almost any action, may deter newspapers from frank comment. Here again the new law may be of some service. Too often a journalist or editor may be deterred from exposing a scandal or racket for fear lest, though his general charge is justified, he may fail through some inaccurate detail. Hitherto I have always reminded myself that if I say that X has committed theft and rape in Aberdeen, Glasgow, Hull, Kidderminster and Southampton, I shall lose a libel action if I only fail to make good my allegation in Kidderminster. I am told the Defamation Act of 1952 will remedy this defect.

On the whole I should say that the law of libel makes journalists in this country excessively cautious, but that the fault is on the right side. It may be annoying to a journalist, but perhaps good for the country, that a scandal should "break" in the privileged air of Parliament rather than in newspaper headlines, and if some people who should be exposed by the traditional watchdogs of democracy are passed over in silence or merely glanced at (newspapers are quite unnecessarily cautious) that is, in my view, better than the other extreme. In the United States, where libel actions are frequent but, as far as I can understand, seldom satisfactory to either plaintiff or defendant, the newspapers thrive on exposing scandals which are seldom remedied. And I should be sorry if the law in this country were altered so as to facilitate personal attacks such as have been possible in France where, to cite one notorious pre-war instance, a decent enough Minister was driven to suicide by libels in the Fascist press.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

MARXISM REVISITED

By John Strachey

Next week we begin a series of four important articles, in which Mr. Strachey restates the essential principles of Marxism and goes on to consider, in the light of a hundred years' experience, how far the Marxist prognosis has proved correct.

Is the Marxist analysis invalidated by the development of modern trade unionism, parliamentary democracy and a Welfare economy? In pointing the moral for Britain, Mr. Strachey draws his own challenging conclusions.

The A.B.C. and the Army

[This is the sequel to the article published last week, entitled "Millions Without Words."]

ILLITERATES sometimes make a happy, successful life, and I should not deny that Maugham's story of the verger has the ring of truth. But in most cases, and particularly among the young illiterates and semi-illiterates now reaching social maturity in such alarming numbers, this failure and the jeers it attracts have a wrecking effect. At the Army's Preliminary Education Centres, I learned that few recruits equal their literate fellows in matters that have nothing directly to do with reading or writing. Most of them are mechanically ignorant and clumsy with their hands. They cannot understand a map or plan, even when it has no words on it, for the idea of scale is foreign to them. They dislike shopping because they cannot count their change, avoid the telephone, and return late from weekend leave because they have not made sense of the times of trains. Many of them play no games; they have "never rightly understood" the offside rule in football or the ways of being "out" in cricket. Figures—distances for instance—confuse them. Politics is a closed book, though in many a constituency semi-literates make up a tenth of the electorate. In personality the lads I met were dependent, irresolute, and credulous; they are the sort of men who, in factories, are sent to the stores for rubber nails —and go.

Yet the very fact that they know themselves to be at a disadvantage makes them easy to teach. True, they reach the Centres, as often as not, sullenly convinced that to improve their reading is beyond them and that they can get along very well as they are. But this shell of defiance encloses a real longing to have done with their submerged position in society. After a few days the instructors begin to hear the real stories of men who, in general, have moved from job to job without ever being offered more than drudgery; of the factory hand unable to start an apprenticeship, the man loading lorries all day and dreaming of driving them, the deckhand who knew that illiteracy barred him from work for a bosun's certificate. "You'll be all right now," the instructor promises, citing the records of past pupils at the centre. And so a real fever for learning grips many of the lads, as they grasp with both hands this unexpected new chance in life. Out of their bruised, immature personalities springs a warm gratitude to their teachers.

The Army's success is indeed remarkable, for 92 per cent. of the recruits reach the standard of literacy normal in this country and go on to average soldierly duties; there are some partial successes, and fewer than three per cent. are discharged as untrainable. Here is a substantial contribution to the human capital of the nation. But lest we think that civilian society has nothing left to do, we must realise that the Army's work is limited in various ways. Men absolutely ignorant of the alphabet are not accepted; the lowest category, with a reading age of seven and unable to complete a simple form of personal details, are justly enough considered illiterate. Then the Centres are only for Regular recruits, though the illiterate National Serviceman gets special instruction in his unit and often signs on for three years as a Regular to get to a Centre. And each of the six Centres takes only sixty men every twelve weeks; the number of semi-literates who could benefit from such training must be greater.

The Centres owe their success, in the first place, to the ratio of staff to pupils, which is one to ten. Each man is an individual; and since there is no difficulty about "keeping order in class," the pupils can be set to help one another, with the instructor on call when joint effort fails. In several classes I saw the men reading aloud in groups of two or three.

A guiding rule is that the recruits must be treated as adults. They cannot be taught by primary school methods, and will resent the suggestion that they are going back to school, but respond to the idea that they are learning techniques which will help them as soldiers or, should they leave the Army, as workers and citizens. The classes are really graded according to the men's backwardness, for it is no use teaching a mere bad speller along with a virtual i literate; but they are not numbered or officially ranked one above the other. The Army has its own reading book, of which the first sentence is: "Sam is a soldier"; the recruits, as they learn to read, learn also about their new life. The only equipment borrowed from the school system is the edition of Simplified Classics—potted versions of books like *A Tale of Two Cities*. The lads are constantly shown the uses of literacy and encouraged to choose what they will read and write—the first letter home is an eagerly sought goal and, once achieved, a great stimulus to new-found pride.

The teaching methods are varied and imaginative. The pupils learn to recognise words as a whole and not letter by letter; conventional methods are relieved by games of word rummy, or word darts (words being hit in the right order to make a sentence), or cross-country chases from word to word. They get books containing only pictures and have to write captions in their own words. Spelling is taught by spelling bees and by such devices as a wooden frame of words such as "hat" and "hop" with a moving final E to show how the vowel is lengthened. Later come sing-song books and parts for short plays.

Most important, however, is the fact that the men live for the first time within a community and not on its fringe. Study is integrated into the life of the Centre, which does not stop or change abruptly when class hours end. The instructors are also the sergeants in charge of discipline, the advisers on personal problems, the "housemasters" who insist on clean boots and properly made beds, the leaders in sport, and the supervisors of hobbies such as woodwork or painting. This last, in at least one Centre, is used as in the modern school, to give the teacher an insight into the pupil's interests and psychology. Each day these recruits are learning something new, not only in the spelling class or a lecture on how Parliament works, but in recreation, in social life, and in the military training which reminds them that they are in the Army and not dubiously qualifying to enter it. Gradually men become more self-reliant and competent, prouder of their appearance, readier to spend their free time in the nearby town and not in the barrack-room. They are getting what our school system tries to give, but is often prevented—education for life, not education to comply with the law or reach an examination standard.

No doubt the recruits themselves do not realise all that is happening to them. Their sense of achievement is concentrated on the wonder of being able to read with pleasure, to read with their minds on what is written and not on the difficulties of puzzling it out. And this *is* a wonder, as any parent knows who has seen a child progress from the "A is for apple" book to its first story-book. A cynic may ask what use these men will make of reading; the answer is: "As much as anyone else." That is, most of them will read Western novels and detective stories, just like most of the other soldiers who have not been to special Centres. But this answer implies that the great barrier has been jumped; that three hundred and sixty men, every twelve weeks, have escaped from the ranks of the second nation, the submerged tenth, which the new illiteracy has created in our midst while we were busy congratulating ourselves on the conquest of the other barriers of unemployment and stark poverty.

I shall not easily forget the moment when I asked a newly literate soldier, deep in *Bulldog Drummond*, whether he enjoyed the book. He stared, trying to compress within the word "enjoy" his sense of liberation, and at last fairly shouted at me: "It's the first book I've ever read!"

MERVYN JONES

Maria Duce

"ABOUT the 'rights of man,' as they are called," wrote Pope Leo XIII, "the people have heard enough. It is time they should hear of the rights of God." A militant and well-organised Irish religious movement is at present agitating for the amendment of the Constitution's provisions relating to religion. The leader of the "Maria Duce" movement is a priest, Father Fahey, who is well known outside Ireland as the author of a number of books which express a carefully defined anti-Semitic point of view.

In *The Kingship of Christ and Organised Naturalism*, he wrote: "Modern History since 1789 is, to a large extent, the account of the domination of State after State by the naturalistic supranationalism of Freemasonry, behind which has been steadily emerging the still more strongly organised naturalistic supranationalism of the Jewish Nation."

The 1937 Constitution, while recognising "the special position of the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church, as the guardian of the faith professed by the great majority" of Irish citizens, at the same time officially professes religious neutrality. Maria Duce contends that Article 44, in its present form, is an insult to Christ the King, because it places the Roman Catholic Church on the same level as other religions, which, according to Maria Duce, are man-made. Father Fahey has quoted with approval the Encyclical of Leo XIII on Human Liberty; this laid down that it was contrary to reason that error and truth should have equal rights. Leo's thesis was that it is wrong to place all religions on the same level; that the profession of one religion is necessary in the State; and that it is the duty of rulers to ensure the acknowledgement of the One True Religion, which, in Catholic States especially, can be recognised without difficulty. Father Fahey has taken up the position of Cardinal Pie (Bishop of Poitiers, 1849-1880), who complained that public law in France laid down that Roman Catholicism was the religion of the majority of Frenchmen, but also granted a right to equal protection to other forms of worship. This is exactly what Article 44 of the Irish Constitution provides, and Father Fahey seeks to have it amended in such a way that the "Social Rights of Christ the King" shall be fully respected. He has prepared a draft amendment, of which the following is part:

1. The State acknowledges Almighty God's right to public worship in the manner which He has clearly shown to be His will.
2. Accordingly, the State shall hold in honour the Holy Name of God and shall reckon it amongst its chief duties to favour and protect religion and shall not enact any measure prejudicial to it.
3. The State acknowledges that the true religion is that established by our Divine Lord

Jesus Christ Himself when He instituted the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church; and that that Church has, therefore, the divine mission to propagate the true religion and to be the guardian and interpreter of the moral law.

5. (3). Wherever the jurisdiction of the Catholic Church and that of the State demand to be harmoniously co-ordinated, the State will make a special arrangement with the Church.

Although the Fahey draft would guarantee to all citizens freedom of religious conviction, it qualifies the right of non-Catholics to practice their religion by the reservation "due regard, however, being had to social order and true morality." It has not been denied that the working-out of Father Fahey's proposed changes would place the Roman Catholic Church in the Irish Republic in the position that it occupies in Spain, though Father Fahey might resist the charge that in his ecclesiastical polity Protestants would be deprived of certain conventionally understood civil rights, as in Spain.

Maria Duce is unlikely to find any Irish Government prepared to accept its anti-libertarian ideology, but it is nonetheless a movement not to be ignored. Since the creation of the Irish Free State, all Administrations in Southern Ireland have taken care to treat the Protestant minority in such a way that no accusations of official religious discrimination could be sustained. An instance of this solicitude is the 19 per cent. representation of Protestants on the Republic's Council of Education, although they form only 6 per cent of the population.

Notwithstanding the fairness of the policy of the State towards the religious minority, it cannot be said that full religious tolerance exists in the Republic. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Killaloe recently complained: "Even in Catholic Ireland, there are people who would set themselves up as teachers of Faith and Morals; and people who would take their Faith and Morals from the *Irish Times* rather than from their Bishops." The Bishop was alluding to the Mother and Child Scheme, which had to be dropped because of the opposition of the Hierarchy, who contended that the absence of a Means Test was contrary to Christian morals. Maria Duce regards the *Irish Times* as the organ of "Masonic anti-Catholic opinion in Ireland." It has consistently opposed the claims of the Roman Catholic Church to interfere in matters of State policy: these, in that journal's view, have nothing to do with the Church's legitimate sphere of action. It considered that the Mother and Child Scheme was such a matter, and it strenuously protested against the Government's abandonment of legislation (which it was pledged to introduce) at the peremptory behest of the Bishops.

The Bishops' intervention was decisive in the Government's repudiation of the Health Minister, who would not modify the measure to the degree demanded of him. Within a few months the Costello Government was out of office. Its fall was the consequence of its undignified handling of the controversy, and not of any enthusiasm for what the Hierarchy had succeeded in doing. Since the Coalition had contained representatives of all parties except Mr. De Valera's, and since he was under no compulsion to press the enactment of the Scheme, the merits of the Hierarchy's stand were not directly in issue in the General Election. The Labour Party behaved as submissively as the militantly Catholic Fine Gael.

Though it has been the careful policy of every Irish Government to avoid the charge of religious discrimination, it cannot control local authorities like the Longford County Council, which recently refused to include Trinity College, Dublin, in its scholarship scheme, and to make its scholarships available to persons not Roman Catholics. The Archbishop of Dublin has on many occasions condemned Trinity College, and declared that Roman Catholics who send their children there "shall be anathema" and in mortal sin. Notwithstanding this severe sanction, there are more Roman Catholics attending Trinity College than ever before; the Archbishop grants permission "for grave reasons," but only a small number of Trinity Catholics are protected in this way.

Maria Duce has attacked what it calls "broad-mindedness." There exists in the Republic a disturbing antipathy to freedom of discussion. An instance of this was the ban imposed by the Dublin Vocational Education Committee on Dr. Owen Sheehy-Skeffington, a Trinity professor, who is well known as a holder of liberal views. At a meeting of the International Affairs Association, he had pressed for a discussion after the editor of the Catholic weekly, the *Standard*, had read a paper entitled "Yugoslavia—the Pattern of Persecution." A majority present voted for a discussion after the Chairman's refusal. Only one speaker, Mr. Hubert Butler, an authority on Yugoslavia, had the opportunity of discussing the paper, because the Papal Nuncio left the meeting at the moment when Mr. Butler attempted to quote the Bishop of New York on the subject of forcible conversions to Roman Catholicism under Pavelic. On the Nuncio's departure, the Chairman closed the meeting, giving as his reason, the "insult to his Excellency." Dr. Skeffington had at no time discussed the subject. Yet the Vocational Committee decided that he should not be allowed to speak at the Inaugural Meeting of the Technical Students' Debating Society although the arrangements for the platform had been made some time before the International Affairs Association meeting.

FLORENCE O'DONOGHUE

The Auld Witch

THE Auld Witch, dead these eighty years, has been coming back quite a lot lately. She haunts me in the most unlikely circumstances—in out-of-the-way places, like the Sahara, or meetings of learned societies, or, most recently, while I was studying in the columns of *The Lancet* an article entitled "Synergistic Action of Liquorice and Cortisone in Addison's and Simmonds's Disease, by J. G. G. Borst *et al.*" Reading, I found myself treading a long-forgotten road—over the brow of Balmashanner (with a peep at the slate quarry, Grand Canyon of childhood daring), past the Cauldhame Woods (with a bit of a spurt, because the gipsies camped there), down the brae to the spinney; then, left, up the steep, breathless road to the cottar homes of Craichie.

There one came to a low, whitewashed house, with a window full of exciting things, Cupid's Whispers, brandy balls, hundreds-and-thousands, Monkey Brand and mottled soap, fire-lighters and great coils of bogie-roll. It had a door which tinkled as it opened—on warm smells which are the incense of memory. "Aye, Lizzie!" "Aye, cousin! Bring the bairn ben the hoose." And we would go through into the backshop, with its box-bed discreetly closed, its glinting brasses and china dogs and the kettle, pretending that we had been expected, steaming on the hob. The peat-reek would catch my throat. "That's a sair hoast, the wee laddie has, but we'll soon sort that." And there would be a diversion into the shop, the clinking of unseen jars and the deceptive hint of Mint Imperials, or maybe even a bar of chocolate. Pshah! Liquorice! And not even the black kind which looked like cobbler's wax but a faggot of little twigs. "Chew that, laddie. 'Guid for the

PEOPLE LIKE THIS

ASK THE MAN FROM THE

PRUDENTIAL

FAMILY MAN. Under forty-five. Comfortably off. Very little life assurance. Seems to be spending most of his income. Neighbour's serious illness last year made him concerned about his own future. Wants good provision for family. Also needs capital when he retires.

The Prudential Heritage Endowment is a life assurance plan just suited to his needs.

tubes and guid for the kidneys': that's whit the Auld Witch aye said aboot licoreesh root."

The Auld Witch! All her grandchildren called her that, including the one who became the Dean of the Faculty of Theology, and the other who became a Salvation Army Commissioner. "She looked like one," my reverent uncle once told me on the lawns of McGill. "She sat huddled in the ingle-neuk, muttering to herself and frightening me with her black eyes, glaring under a lace-mutch." Black eyes in the family album of blue-eyed Scots! She was a gipsy—a real Romany, not just a tinker. In a hungry winter, her tribe had abandoned her in her swaddling clothes on the doorstep of a kindly cottar and his wife. And in that douce Scots' family she grew up, married and became my great-grandmother, whom I never knew except through the proxy of her grandchildren. She became, too, not the "witch" who frightened the Dean, but the decent Wise Woman of her village. "Licoreesh," she said, "is good for the kidneys." And I was reminded of that when, out in the Sahara, I took a swig of warm, sweet-tasting water from a goatskin gourd. The taste was strangely familiar. Liquorice? Yes, said my French guide, it was a Berber practice. They said that it made you pass less water, sweat less and need less salt.

That incident, like the Auld Witch, was recalled to me by J. G. G. Borst *et al.* because in their article they were discussing the property which liquorice has, in common with the much-debated cortisone, of acting on the kidneys, whereby sodium, chloride and water are retained and the dehydration (as in Addison's Disease) is reduced. They did not discuss the other attributes of liquorice which modern medical textbooks call "demulcent and antibechic," and which my great-grandmother called "guid for the tubes" and therefore for a cough. Nor the laxative effect which used to embarrass me on my four-miles tramp home from Craichie. But this discussion in *The Lancet* added to my growing respect for the Auld Witch and the other Wise Women, because it is another instance of how modern research is confirming what they practised as a lore.

She obviously knew the virtues of many things before they were given fancy formulæ or labelled as proprietary medicines. She is known to have prescribed dandelion tea as a belly-balm (and if you are suffering from "hepatic congestion or acid atonic dyspepsia," your N.H.S. doctor might prescribe *succus taraxici* if he knew his *materia medica* as well as my great-grandmother when she brewed her dandelions). She administered fennel and rue for women's complaints. And, without ever having heard of Dr. Withering and his discovery of digitalis, she prepared foxglove infusions as a heart-tonic and a treatment for dropsy. She forced fish-oils down her children's throats long before Vitamin A and Vitamin D, and put cold tea-leaves on burns a century before the tannic-acid treatment for burns was practised. And when penicillin became known, one of her grandchildren recalled that the Auld Witch had put moulds on whitlows. I would give a lot to know whether she got the mould from the hyssop, because then I could stake the family claim to have discovered *penicillium notatum* and its antibiotic properties.

Even when the doctor's medicine chests are now bulging with drugs which multiply daily, it is still rash to underestimate the ancients. Consider quinine, only recently displaced as the treatment for malaria. It was introduced into Europe in the 17th Century by a Jesuit priest who had been cured of the fever by the Andes Incas. Or ipecacuanha, for amœbic dysentry. This also came from South America about the same time. It was an Indian arrow-poison which in small doses was used by them as an emetic (it means "roadside-sickmaker"), and it was used discreetly by the "quack" Helvetius to save the life of the heir of Louis XIV. Then (like all new drugs, even to this day) it was flagrantly over-prescribed. Doctors were using it in arrow-poison proportions and massacring their patients. It fell into disrepute until redeemed as "Dover's Powder" (ipecac. and opium), which survives to this day. And Dover? He was the brilliant assistant of the great Sydenham, but he fell into disgrace, went off to the South Seas as a buccaneer, and then shipped with the notorious Woodes Rogers, who as a privateer was a licensed pirate. Thomas Dover, of *pulvis ipec. et opii*, was the man who took the long-boat ashore to rescue Crusoe (Alexander Selkirk) from Juan Fernandez Island.

Until twenty years ago, it was on simples such as these, and on knowledge like my great-grandmother's, that doctors relied very considerably. The point of departure, into the new age of scientific drugs, came with the discovery and use of the sulphas—the chemotherapeutics. And if it had not been for the sulphas, we would not have had penicillin as we know it today. Fleming's discovery of 1928 had been "shelved" because doctors had forgotten the true significance of Ehrlich's 606 (Salvarsan: the "Magic Bullet" for syphilis), which was that an organism could be selectively attacked within the living body, without necessarily destroying the patient. The sulphas reaffirmed that, and Ernest Chain's rediscovery of Fleming's substance was made with that new appreciation. Since then we have had a procession of antibiotics until it is now obvious that we will master all bacterial, spirochaetic, rickettsial and virus disease by choosing our weapons from our increasing armoury.

The truculent diseases are still the degenerative diseases, the cancers, the diseases of circulation, gland-failures (as in Addison's Disease) and complaints like rheumatism. That is where such discoveries as cortisone and A.C.T.H. are so important. Although it looks as though the headline claims of marvellous rheumatism cures (not made by the discoverers of the new gland-properties) have to be treated with reserve, that does not qualify the importance of the new drugs and the intensive inquiries into the gland-mechanisms which they have stimulated, or of the adventurous chemistry which they have provoked. But I am glad that the doctors and chemists, moving swiftly from one new discovery to another, can still pause for a moment to consider the Auld Witch and her "licoreesh."

RITCHIE CALDER

The Firemen's Band

IN common with most French towns, we have a firemen's trumpet band: *la clique des braves Sapeurs-Pompiers*. But, although the total population hardly exceeds three thousand, there is also a town band with the exotic name of "Les Enfants de la Plage." The town, it is true, is by the sea; but the town band is never seen on the beach, and its members have long forgotten their schooldays.

On several evenings a week Les Enfants de *la clique* can be heard practising in a room of the Town Hall. In fact, the firemen seem to spend far more time over band practice than fire drill. Far more, as I now know. No occasion or ceremony in the town is complete without one band or the other; but preference is usually given to the firemen-trumpeters. Their band, undoubtedly, is much the smarter of the two, in the sense that everyone not only has a uniform but the same kind of uniform. Some of Les Enfants proudly wear peaked caps that are profusely decorated with gold leaf, while the remaining members appear to think that a white belt is sufficient distinction. The only member of the band with a real uniform is its leader and conductor, M. Martineau. He is a house-painter whose portly body is covered, all the week, by a long, stained, white overall; so that, when dressed in his smart uniform and gold-braided cap, on a Sunday, he would be almost unrecognisable were it not for his cigarette butt. Whenever met, he has half of a Gauloise, neither more nor less, smouldering feebly in a corner of his mouth; and the half of another—or perhaps the same—is still kept between his lips while conducting the band.

But the musical capabilities of one band are as good as that of the other, so it seemed to me.

An Irish Coxswain

Is your wireless set WATERPROOF?

The lifeboatman's *MUST* be...

...and that adds to its cost. You can help the Lifeboat Service to maintain its efficiency by sending a contribution, however small, to

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

Treasurer: His Grace the Duke of Northumberland
Secretary: Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A.

Hand Built **RADIOGRAMOPHONE** Equipment
INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION AT A REASONABLE COST
EXISTING INSTRUMENTS REBUILT TO MODERN HIGH FIDELITY STANDARDS

UNIVERSAL ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS

36, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1
WELbeck 4055

These Air France Tourist fares simply made us fly on our holidays this summer. Such a selection of places—Paris, Nice, Rome, Majorca, Switzerland. It was my Travel Agent who said I could fly to Nice and back for only £25.10.0

AIR FRANCE

HAYMARKET, S.W.1

100 to 1...

Cuticura Shaving Stick is used by that smart, well-groomed neighbour of yours. He knows from experience that the rich, penetrating oils of this superfatted, mildly medicated, Chlorophyll green Shaving Stick not only give a clean and rapid shave, but leave the most sensitive skin soothed and refreshed. For healthy, attractive skin Cuticura Shaving Stick is unbeatable. Try it tomorrow—we know you will like it!

A little more encouragement might well be given to M. Martineau and his enthusiastic players. On the feast-day of Saint Fiacre, for instance, when the florists and market-gardeners parade round the town before going to a restaurant for the inevitable banquet, always it is *la clique* alone that leads the way, and so manages to be present when the apéritifs are distributed. Similar preference is shown when the town has its annual fête, and on other occasions. But each time I commented on this disparity people merely shrugged their shoulders and said dismissively: "Oh, you know . . . as long as there's music . . ." What else could one expect, I thought, of a people whose language is only just being enriched with *le fairplay*.

One way and another, I began to develop a preference for the discreet and slighted Children of the Beach. This may have received fresh impetus at the very beginning of each year, from the moment a trumpet reveille rouses most of the citizens from deep slumbers. On New Year's Day *la clique* goes round the town playing its confounded little tune on every corner. The only way to stop it, so that we can continue to sleep off our excesses of the previous evening, appears to be by the common action of offering drinks to the firemen. Gradually, the tune becomes more and more ragged, sometimes stops half-way, until finally it peters out and is heard no more.

A few days later, the firemen come round for contributions and offer a calendar in return. Last year, my wife went to the door, glanced at the calendar, suppressed a shudder, and handed it back with our contribution. This year, I answered the door and absent-mindedly took the calendar. Although now hidden away deeply, it haunts us still. On the front is a lurid coloured photo showing a house with the ground floor alight and blazing merrily. One fireman, half-way up a ladder, is smiling at the photographer and directing his hose—
—which, fortunately in this case, is not working
—at another fireman. A small child, strapped to a complicated contraption, is being lowered from the first floor, while the parents look on with great interest and no apparent concern. A third fireman, dressed far better than ours ever are, appears to be adding wood to the fire.

Before hiding the calendar we took all possible precautions against having a fire break out in the house. Our contribution went to the vaguely named Funds, or Secours Mutuel; Self-Aid would indeed be a better description. The following Sunday, *la clique* and all the firemen marched round the town before going to their annual banquet, which is held—*en principe*—to celebrate the feast-day of Saint Barbara. The fact that this falls in early December is no doubt overlooked for not concording very well with the distribution of calendars. Les Enfants, too, have an annual banquet; in their case, as straightforward, pure musicians, they hold it on Saint Cecilia's Day, in late November. Far from seeking public subscription, these disinterested artists honour their patron Saint by giving a free concert in the Town Hall, and then making a collection among the audience for the town's Old People's Fund.

Saint Cecilia's Day is one of the only two annual occasions when M. Martineau and his bandsmen are certain of having no competition. The other is the evening of the annual gymkhana, when a number of the firemen are on duty to attend to the frequently displaced obstacles. Les Enfants play their lively music all the way from the town to the field by the river, escorted by torch-bearers whose lights come bob-bobbing along the lane and gaily indicate the approach of the musicians. They arrive within range of the floodlights, not unduly late, a brave, cheerful, inconsequential throng, many of them in step with their leader; they play their favourite tune in front of the stands, and M. Martineau, too absorbed to take his Gauloise from his mouth, bows to the mayor and councillors. "*Bien exécuté*," comments the mayor—an expression that he could improve a little. On the last occasion he even added, to a visiting mayor: "They're not very smart—but still, they make plenty of noise."

This official, but misplaced, condescension is apparent when both bands appear in a procession. The only annual events of such communal importance are Armistice Day and July 14. The latter date is certainly no holiday for our musicians. They begin the festivities on the evening of the 13th with a torchlight procession round the town; *la clique* leads the way, as usual, followed by Les Enfants, some of whom are relegated to the position of flare-carriers, while youngsters of the town bring up the rear with Chinese lanterns. It is always a gay and lively procession, particularly when each band is playing its favourite tune at the same time. Obviously, I always thought, neither can be tolerant of the other's presence; for on these combined occasions each band is at little more than half strength. But my natural British sympathies for the under-dog were finally aroused when the town council argued at length before voting the annual small subsidy to Les Enfants. "Why," I exclaimed to our town clerk, M. Marchal, "is there this lack of *le fairplay* towards the two bands?"

He raised one puzzled eyebrow from the chessboard. "Two lots of uniform, you mean perhaps. Most of the firemen play in the town band, and most of Les Enfants are firemen. The uniform changes, but the musicians remain the same."

Nevertheless, there are indubitably two banquets, cunningly spaced out over the winter months.

LEN ORTZEN

The Arts and Entertainment

THE DRAMA OF DEFEAT

I AM glad that Mr. Graham Greene's first play, *The Living Room* (at Wyndham's) has had such a distinguished press. I only wish I could applaud the deed with even half the enthusiasm that I applaud the attempt. The theatre needs —and needs desperately as the last eight or ten months have shown—talents of the order of Mr. Graham Greene's; and the temptation when such a writer is brave enough to risk trying, is to minimise the adverse criticism and concentrate on the achievement. Others have done this, and if I do not it is, first, because Mr. Greene is far too good and far too important a writer to have excuses made for him, and secondly, because as a whole his play seems to me to be a complete muddle. It goes without saying with a writer of such ability that there are incidental merits and merits, too, of a kind that another time might turn failure to success. But if, as I very much hope, Mr. Greene is tempted to try the stage again, I feel sure that his first step will have to be to face the completeness of the failure of this play.

The failure is first a failure of language. Mr. Greene has not succeeded in finding any dramatic equivalent either for the sharply and brilliantly selected details of description or for the binding and buttressing images and metaphors which are the two things which raise his novels to excellence. Then there is a confusion of modes so that one never knows how to "take" the people of his play. And finally there is a failure in the general

INVEST
with
SOLID SECURITY

Put your savings in the safe and sure Scottish Amicable Building Society, with steady interest at the rate of

2½%

- INCOME TAX PAID BY THE SOCIETY
- LARGE OR SMALL SUMS ACCEPTED
- SECURITY WITHOUT DEPRECIATION

SCOTTISH AMICABLE
BUILDING SOCIETY

TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED £19,250,000

Chairman and Managing Director — Wm. S. Allison, D.L., J.P.

Write for brochure to:
AMICABLE HOUSE, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH 2

The kind of briefcase you NEVER see in the shops

It moves in exalted, exclusive circles . . . serves Ambassadors of State and Captains of Commerce . . . is easily recognised as the impeccable accompaniment to an immaculate appearance.

You won't see many "UNICORNS" about, and never in the shops. For these fabulous briefcases are as rare as the skill of the craftsmen who make them to individual order.

Yet a "UNICORN," slim but capacious, and hand-finished in English hide, is a surprisingly reasonable buy, because you pay only workbench prices. Two interior foolscap compartments and zip-sealed section for overnight things. Capacious exterior zip pocket for newspapers, books, etc. English lever lock and fittings of solid brass. All leather handle. Press studs in the base for slimming. Size 17" x 11½". In golden tan or Autumn tan pigskin at 12 guineas; or in smooth polished hide (golden tan, brown or black) at 9 guineas. Matching zip folio cases size 16" x 10½", available separately at £2.15.0 and £2.5.0 respectively. Post free and tax free in U.K. (In U.S.A., $35.75, $27.50, $8.50 and $8 respectively, carriage and insurance free, 20% Customs duty payable in U.S.A.). Complete satisfaction guaranteed or purchase price refunded immediately.

Obtainable only direct from the craftsmen who make them. Prompt despatch.

Zip folio case.

UNICORN LEATHER CO. LTD
Dept. N.N.B. 13, Woodhill Works, Bury, Lancs.

conception. Thus I am not sure that I can give a very good account of *The Living Room* because I'm not at all sure what it is meant to be about. And this is a serious charge against a play. However obscure or loaded with overmeanings and undermeanings a play may be, it must, if it is to be accounted a success, have one plain sense in which it is intelligible to the reasonably intelligent, a level on which it quite simply works. *The Living Room* lacks this.

Then, we are never sure on what plane we are to take it. Is this realism or expressionism or, rather, since it is plainly neither entirely one nor entirely the other, where between the two is it supposed to lie? We start off in what might be described as the Mauriac world done in the Anouilh manner. It is an English Catholic household furnished in the style of 1902, when the last survivors, two sisters and their brother, were young. The Anouilh note is struck when the smaller, more faded little sister comes out from the lavatory, stage left, walks through the living room taking no notice of the people in it, and then makes a proper entry through the other door and greets them as if her visit to the w.c. had never occurred. If this sounds crude, it is not so on the stage. It is sad as well as funny and perfectly sums up a certain kind of upbringing for certain women round about the Nineteen Hundreds.

If only that level had been sustained! But with the story or situation we slip back into Everyday (it is a failure both of language and of invention) and the Everyday puts its insistent whys and why-nots which Mr. Greene's people—characters they can hardly be called—are not able to answer. A Catholic priest without legs, a psychiatrist saddled with a hysteric for a wife, a girl of remarkable innocence without parents nor even, it seems, one single solitary friend. These are our principals and their situation is desperate. The psychiatrist (45) is deeply in love with the girl (20) who is even more desperately in love with him. The priest who is her uncle must, under his code, forbid the association. The psychiatrist cannot in the end quite bring himself to abandon his sick wife, so the lonely girl commits suicide and priest and psychologist are left to mull over their respective defeats. A resounding defeat may comparatively easily be made dramatic; but a slow slither invites the dangers of tedium or bathos. They are not altogether avoided here.

Neither the people nor the events bear a single moment's examination that I can see, on either plane. The girl is a curious confusion. Mr. Greene is careful to establish for her a psychological background, the dangerous dependence of the fatherless child. But he doesn't tie this up with her Catholicism; indeed he neglects to establish her Catholicism (only one of her parents was a Catholic) yet makes Catholicism a powerful force at a turning point in her life. And then he bundles her into a suicide which is incredible as a psychological act and unconvincing as a symbolic one.

The psychologist and the priest are alike in being no less unconvincing as generalisations than they are as people. They have this in common, though, that each is a bad specimen of his kind. The priest is a bad priest, the psychologist a bad psychologist. Each, drearily and I must confess boringly, explains how bad he is at his own job, the only difference being that the psychologist seems a little pained at his own incompetence while the priest is smugly resigned to his. Each at the crisis lets the girl down, the priest by failing to find the creative word that would have helped her to bear her pain: the psychologist by being unable to resist the emotional blackmail of a wife whom professionally he can diagnose as an advanced hysteric. Doubtless it is somewhere around here that the "meaning" or centre of the play is supposed to lie. But it doesn't emerge in dramatic form (or indeed for me in any form). What we are left with are convictions watering down into jejune statements of impotent views, and conflicts petering out into a series of will-less, dreary and finally uninteresting self-defeats.

And what meanwhile of the Anouilh Catholic household with its weird sisters who, refusing to inhabit any room where anyone has died, have finally been driven up to the last rooms in the top storey? They clearly indicate, don't they, how symbolic the play is, but do they seriously help us to understand symbolic of what? I can only repeat that they don't help me. But I ought perhaps in fairness to add that I found the total effect of the play so unsympathetic that I may be being unjust. Mr. Greene has always had a sentimental addiction to failure. The brilliance of the writing in his novels covers this up. Here it is repulsively naked.

A final criticism that is important is the failure to provide acting parts. The actors are victims of the prevailing uncertainty about the mood. Mr. Eric Portman, casual, unfeeling, uncommitted, is decidedly on the side of symbolism. Mr. John Robinson, with a really impossible role, wavers Miss Dorothy Tutin, touching, intense and committed, as the girl, and Miss Valerie Taylor, excellent in a brief appearance as the hysterical wife are both strong for realism. Only the two aunts (Miss Violet Fairbrother and Miss Mary Jerrold) know just where they are meant to be and are perfectly there. Miss Tutin has the only real chance of showing her paces, and admirably she takes it; revealing herself as a young emotional actress of power and conviction (but I hope she won't let herself be put into the embarrassing position of several young actresses recently who have been created stars overnight by irresponsible reporters and have found it hard to get a job ever since). The producer, Mr. Peter Glenville, gave the play a thoroughly symbolic overhead lighting which made it difficult to see and Mr. Leslie Hurry provided a wittily macabre interior set. But one aspect of this set was to me symbolic in a different sense. It incorporated a transparent wall, so that one could dimly see the passage and stairs "off." This fashionable "skeletal" device is legitimate enough if something significant is to take place on the semi-revealed "off" section of the stage. But what of significance did happen in this passage or on the stairs? Absolutely nothing.

T. C. WORSLEY

RUBBRA'S VIOLA CONCERTO

EDMUND RUBBRA'S Viola Concerto, Opus 75, was commissioned by William Primrose, who last week gave the work its first performance at a Royal Philharmonic Society concert in the Festival Hall. On the following night it was repeated in a Third Programme broadcast; on both occasions the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, under Sir Malcolm Sargent, provided the accompaniment.

The effect of the live and the transmitted performances was curiously different. From my seat in the hall, the solo part was inclined to vanish: one often saw Mr. Primrose imperturbably fiddling while one's ear reported little more than the buzz of an imprisoned bluebottle. On the air, he had no difficulty in making his presence felt; here it was rather the orchestral part which tended to lose outline. After making all allowances for the acoustics of the Festival Hall and for a possibly poor B.B.C. transmission, doubts remain both about the performance and about the work itself. How well did conductor and players know the score? Had they had enough rehearsal? More than once, in recent months, this orchestra and this conductor have disappointed us in modern works of the kind which demand continuous care for the niceties of balance. Concerto accompanying is perhaps their weakest point. Last January their account of the Berg Violin Concerto was anything but clear; and a little later they gave a shockingly careless reading, for the Third Programme, of the comparatively simple orchestral part of the Strauss Oboe Concerto. It seems likely, therefore, that there may be more beauty and clarity of sound in Rubbra's new work than has yet emerged. All the same, I doubt if the musical content of the concerto is either very appropriate to the medium chosen, or, in a more general sense, representative of the composer at his best.

The technical problem of balancing the viola with a full orchestra is difficult—so difficult that it is hard to think of any considerable successes in this field except Berlioz's *Harold in Italy* and Walton's Concerto. The most fascinating part of the viola's compass—its first two octaves, the two on either side of middle C—lie just where there is bound to be a good deal of harmonic filling-in and background. The cellist's A string can cut a broad golden path through such impediments but the charming husky voice of the viola is more easily lost; in order to dominate, it must soar aloft—where it encounters a fresh problem, that of seeming to emulate the brilliant upper register of the violin. Of course, these difficulties can be surmounted; and, like all problems of technique they are

ART EXHIBITION: SUMMER 1953
Festival Pleasure Gardens: Pavilion Art Gallery
"THIS ENGLAND"
Opening May 16
"GRAPHIC: PRINTS AND DRAWINGS"
Opening June 13
"SMALL PICTURES FOR SMALL PRICES"
Opening July 11
Further information and sending-in forms from:—
ART EXHIBITION ORGANISER
Festival Pleasure Gardens, Administration Building,
Battersea Park, S.W.11

THE BUDDHIST SOCIETY
Celebration of the
FESTIVAL OF WESAK
AT 7.30 p.m. ON WEDNESDAY 29th APRIL
at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.
Enquiries to:
The Buddhist Society 16, Gordon Square, W.C.1
Phone: EUSton 7710

FIRE!
WHICH COLOUR
NU-SWIFT?
Red, blue or black? Distinctive colours for different fire risks prevent costly errors. Are your extinguishers the right colours? Write, or phone Elland 2852, for free advice.
NU-SWIFT LTD. · ELLAND · YORKS
In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

capable of stimulating a composer's imagination.

Rubbra, for all his gifts, is not the sort of composer who is particularly excited by technical problems of a textural kind. Each of his three movements contains passages in which the grave eloquence of his thought is perfectly matched by the sensuous beauty of the tonal fabric. Each also has a tendency, once lyrical statement merges into development and climax, to lose quality—and not only textural quality, but quality of composition too. After a slow introduction, which adumbrates most of the thematic material of the whole work, the composer embarks on a 12/8 movement which in gait and outline has much in common with the Elgar Cello Concerto. There are passages of serene beauty, and others during which we begin to wonder whether the composer has fully distinguished between the serene and the sleepy. The tempo is not allegro, but moderato: Rubbra seldom casts his more extended movements in rapid tempi, reserving these for his characteristic *moto perpetuo* scherzo movements.

One of these now follows: it is marked *molto vivace*, but the effect is not really vivacious. The opening bars of this movement are captivating: a bouncing, throbbing, aerated E flat-A flat background against which the soloist strikes in with a contradictory C minor cantabile. This opposition of rhythm and mood lasts through the movement, but the tonal charm of the opening pages is soon dissipated. So far as could be judged without a score, the best of the three movements is the last, which the composer has called *Collana musicale*, or "musical necklace," because it consists of nine linked sections which cannot be called variations because they have no initial theme. They might almost be a gallery of intimate portraits, like Elgar's Enigma Variations; and indeed the mood is once again decidedly Elgarian. The penultimate section, in which the viola meditates against widespread string chords, is the most beautiful and impressive part of the concerto; but once again the effect is dispelled in the commonplace bustle of the conclusion.

I have always found Rubbra a puzzling composer: one moment so serene, original, simple and unforced; the next, so disconcertingly ready to slip into uncouth or commonplace material as though into an old patched coat. Even now, in his maturity, one can never be sure which vein will be uppermost. Thus, the rarely beautiful and spiritual *St. Dominic Mass*, Opus 66, is closely followed by a *Festival Te Deum*, Opus 71, which might be by any English cathedral organist. Despite the reputation and the many great beauties of his later symphonies, the work of his by which I set most store is his Second String Quartet, in E flat, Opus 73. Here is music evidently conceived in terms of the medium, and from end to end perfectly adapted to it: music in which the composer has struck a perfect equilibrium between intellectual design and lyrical spontaneity. The sinuous, flexible melodic lines, deeply satisfying in themselves, grow with a rare effect of inevitability from a few simple germs. The mirror device of the opening bars is no paper ingenuity, but a clearly perceptible artistic principle running through the whole work; the metrical subtleties of the Scherzo may puzzle the eye, but in performance they exhilarate the senses and form a perfect contrast with the calm simplicity of the following Cavatina. In the Finale, it is a notable moment when the chorale theme of the last pages flattens a single note and reveals its hidden kinship with the opening theme of the first movement. Such an effect is easily contrived; that it should sound so natural and conclusive is evidence of the decisive mastery with which the composer has from first to last handled his whole design. In the new Concerto there are many similar subtleties (including a mirror-phrase curiously like that which opens the Quartet), and no doubt familiarity and better performances will reveal beauties that now escape us. I shall be surprised, however, if the musical structure eventually disclosed should prove so firm and so satisfying as that of the E flat Quartet.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

THOSE who look on sound radio as an imperfect form of television—a curious error—forget that it is, in many of its forms, a really sophisticated affair; depending as it does on language, it certainly asks for a good deal more sophistication from the audience than the simpler visual programme, though it is not the more likely to survive for that. What we can always expect, in this unpredictable and uncommercial medium, is the unexpected. The last fortnight, for instance, has provided such off-the-track fantasies as Marghanita Laski's witty extravaganza about post-war Ruritania *The Worm in the Rose* and Terence Tiller's ambitious attempt (*Document "Britain 113"*) to reconstruct early twentieth-century English society from the sole evidence of *Punch*. As writer and producer of this interesting programme, Mr. Tiller gave himself a field day, even setting himself the odd task of presenting the visual side of his subject—the *Punch* cartoons and drawings—in terms of sound. Perhaps I should include among the experiments the virtuoso performance of Walt Whitman's *Song of Myself*, a vast stretch, or prairie, of Third Programme time in which Mr. Orson Welles, as speaker, did not spare us a nuance of Whitman's magnificent shamelessness.

I listened on two mid-mornings to Mr. Nugent Monck's account (called *One Man in his Time*) of his early life and work at the Maddermarket Theatre at Norwich. Why these elegant talks, which were first given in the Midland Service, were not repeated at a less arid time, I cannot guess. Few people, however, know better than Mr. Monck the use of the spoken word and the art of presenting it; I hope that these talks will be offered presently to a wider, and later audience. In spite of the skill and audacity shown by the scriptless speaker and the lecture-room deadness of so many talks that are read from the page, the best of all—and Sir Max Beerbohm's come first to mind—depend on art (that is, writing), not chance. Perhaps the most striking talks given in recent months have been Mr. V. S. Pritchett's two memorable accounts of a journey in Spain (which were followed this week by his reflections on the Mexican Exhibition—a not dissimilar subject). Mr. Pritchett is one of the few outstanding broadcasters who as writers make no concession to the easier demands of speech. Though at any point the effect on the listener is an immediate one—each sentence, whether it consists of an idea or a visual image, making an impact without anticipating the next—one is surprised at the end to discover the consistent yet complex design of the whole.

Is There Anything In It? which started some months ago as a students' rag at the expense of an old-world phrenologist, lay low, then started again in a more professional manner, is for all its Common Room silliness one of the most original popular programmes at present on the air. Briefly, a practitioner of one of the semi-necromantic arts (astrology, palmistry, telepathy) is allowed to demonstrate before a group of medical students (St. Thomas's) and is then disposed of by a scientific, myth-proof expert. Sometimes, as when Miss Hermione Gingold made a splendid appearance as the "subject," the myth still lingers after the disposal. But I am glad to say, in the interests of fairness, that the latest topics (dowsing, graphology) are allowing the victims to put up a better resistance.

Perhaps, as I leave this column, my final critical glance should be turned, as it often is with some melancholy, on the Radio Critic. How limited is the vocabulary of praise. How few, unctuous, or stark the adjectives! How impressionistic is the business of listening! How many omissions there must always be in writing! If I were asked what programme had moved me most during the past two years, I should say the production of Mayhew's *Life Among the London Poor*; and for a parting word, with what hope, even as common listener, I shall continue to open the *Radio Times*.

NAOMI LEWIS

HOLIDAYS WITH MUSIC

Choose a Music Festival for your Holiday this year

WAGNER FESTIVAL, BAYREUTH
AIX-EN-PROVENCE
HOLLAND FESTIVAL
PABLO CASALS FESTIVAL, PRADES

AND ALL OTHER LEADING EUROPEAN MUSIC FESTIVALS

THEATRE TICKETS ACCOMMODATION
GROUP OR INDIVIDUAL TRAVEL

Also Luxury Continental Motor Pullman Tours
Full details from

GARDINER TRAVEL SERVICE
(Dept. N.S.) 189 Regent Street, London, W.1

Telephone Regent 1416 & 1540

GENERAL AGENTS FOR EUROPEAN ASSOCIATION OF MUSIC FESTIVALS

Delightful for Holiday Golf

TURNBERRY HOTEL
AYRSHIRE

The famous resort and renowned Ailsa Golf Course on Scotland's Sunny West Coast

Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager

Presenting a socialist guest house whose motto is "Square Deal & Cordiality"

The Continental
10, Albany Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea (Hastings)

THE MOVIES

"Diary of a Country Priest" and "Kingdom on the Waters," at the Curzon
"Nature's Half Acre" and "Peter Pan," at the Leicester Square

Diary of a Country Priest (1951) is the first film of Robert Bresson to be publicly shown in England. The British Film Institute, which doesn't miss much, has introduced its members to two other films, *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne* (1944) and *Les Anges du Fêché* (1943)—the latter only last week. This seems to be the extent of his film-making, except that in Mr. Roger Manvell's Penguin guide there is listed a pre-war film, *Jenny*, of which I know nothing. Bresson makes films in his own time, after his own choice, and his preference seems to be for the devout life; even worldliness, in his hands, may become a sort of devotion. *Diary of a Country Priest* represents this talent in its purest and most dramatic form. It is based on the well-known novel by Bernanos, very nearly, as I remember it, a masterpiece. The film is quite so. It triumphs with an amazing assurance and beauty over two initial difficulties. One was to present on the screen the realities of spiritual life; this has never, to my knowledge, been done before, but done it is here. The other was to substantiate the diary form, an inherent quality of the story, and here, too, Bresson achieves the almost impossible. We see the journal (a series of exercise books with graph-paper), catch the tone of voice, watch the hand setting down its simple records and truths, see the pen flung down as it registers a death and hear the footsteps hurrying away, follow the broken entry, the change to pencil, the painfully scrawled words, the book and the pencil dropped on the floor. . . . You would say that these close-ups must lack drama, that the cinema should find stronger means? Then you haven't seen the film. This diary is as much part of it as the young priest himself, his fastings and illness, the harshnesses of parishioners high and low, and the lovely, sad winter landscape. Together they attain a beauty which the original, I think, lacked. Bernanos set out to find a succession to the martyrdom in Léon Bloy's *Une Femme Pauvre*: a brilliant, passionate, but somehow just short-of-life variation. Bresson's treatment of it, while giving full play to anguish, super-adds the poetry that comes of contemplation, of seeing. Appearances have their own calm. Very often the quiet movements of our eyes follow, while we know his secret thought, this young priest sitting at his table at night, walking to the window at cock-crow, peeling potatoes, setting off on a bicycle. He is God's chosen, hated by people for that reason, and self-tormented: the bad blood in him has encouraged a strange purity of character and will bring an early death. A few words scribbled on paper, a cast of countenance, leave us in no doubt of this. He lives, and dies, transparently; and the actor, Claude Laydu, has been led to discover almost new paths in the subdued expressiveness of his performance. There can be no question, it seems to me, that Bresson's is an art as fine and untarnished as the cinema has known.

The Curzon programme contains also two other films not to be missed: an exploration of the almost unknown beauties of wood sculptures in the Cathedral of Schleswig, and a fascinating documentary of life in and about one of the great Hungarian lakes. This compares well with the more showy Disney piece called *Nature's Half Acre*, in which one's interest is horribly joked and jazzed away. His new cartoon of *Peter Pan* seems to me vulgar, tedious and ugly, and only less dislikeable than his *Alice in Wonderland* because one may care less for the original.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

André Minaux, at the Adams Gallery

Minaux is 29. Although he already has a reputation in Paris, he is naturally not yet a mature painter. But most of these 20 canvases—still-lives, landscapes, peasants and butchered animals—are considerably more developed and satisfying than those of three years ago. His spiky formalisations have been replaced by more direct and solid drawing; just as, in mood, a studio-melancholia has been replaced by a more objective sense of wonder at the richness—albeit snotty and gutty—of earthbound life. One feels that he no longer despises elegance in a rather perverse way; but that, by a genuinely felt paradox, he finds it undignified. The chief fault of his new paintings is that their broken, caked texture and the raw bile of their colour, often overweigh the structure of their drawing. The surface of the canvas becomes so overloaded that the "span" of the forms is weakened. Nevertheless, there are good things in his work. Notice the somewhat Gauguin-like peasant girl in No. 7: also, *Paysage à Nanteau* in which the scruffiness of paint is tightened and moulded so that it really becomes part of the dismal weather that fills the sky. The best painting of all, however, is a large one (8ft. by 4ft.) of an impaled deer. Apart from the slightly arbitrary near foreleg, the carcass hangs with all due deadweight from its hook. The textures amplify the stained table and the matted fur growing round its stiff flanks. And consequently, because it has been truly seen, it is neither sentimental nor sadistic.

J. B.

Twentieth Century Form, at the Whitechapel Art Gallery

The comparisons made in this exhibition between paintings, sculpture and architectural photographs and models are clever and amusing. There are, as it were, some nice visual metaphors. But its declared aim of providing "a plain man's guide" to modern art is as ludicrous as the statement in the Foreword that there has recently been "an acute acceleration of the battle between man and the machine," is silly and dangerous. (Also an insult to the faiths of such men as Le Corbusier and Gropius whose work is being shown.) For how much longer is the woolly movement to improve the plain man by turning him into a pseudo-intellectual going to continue? It is as patronising as "charity" and as hopeless as the cause of the teetotallers. Imagine an exhibition designed as a plain man's guide to *20th Century Content*. It would be impossible. And that is exactly where the whole thing falls down. Appreciation of form for its own sake is inevitably limited to a minority—who, unless they live in a climate of broader and even cruder appreciation, quickly become effete and sterile. A large part of the art of the first half of this century will never be popular: finally, it will only find its context in the museums from which it so largely derives. However, for the Fancy (as opposed to the Plain) Man, there are some exciting works to be seen here: a late Juan Gris portrait of a boy, a lovely Henry Moore reclining figure (1930), a large, peaceful, beautifully arranged Ben Nicholson abstract, Paul Nash's *Winter Sea*, an abstract by Helion, Reg Butler's epigram on a reclining woman, and so on.

J. B.

Prize-winning Operas on the Third Programme

Arthur Benjamin's new opera, *A Tale of Two Cities*, one of several awarded Arts Council prizes during the Festival of Britain, received three broadcast performances in the course of the week-end. The libretto (by Cedric Cliffe) is a lucid and reasonably effective abridgement of Dickens's novel; the music, though laid out with professional skill, is feeble in content. In his Jamaican two-piano pieces, Benjamin has shown great rhythmical verve and exuberance; in his two comedies, *The Devil Take Her* and *The Prima Donna*, a sense of humour and a marked feeling for the stage. The weakness of his new score is therefore rather suprising. No doubt a well-staged production would help matters; but the lyrical sections are mere wish-wash, and the dramatic scenes owe what vigour they possess to the introduction of actual tunes from the French Revolution, such as the Carmagnole and *Ça ira*. Such a subject calls for dynamic orchestral and choral writing such as we find in Mussorgsky or in the first act of *Turandot*, and for lyrical outbursts such as the Italians can always shake out of their sleeve. No need to drag in comparisons with Puccini: the Improvviso from Giordano's *Andrea Chenier* has more red blood, more energy, more tune, than the whole of Mr. Benjamin's opera. Excerpts from Berthold Goldschmidt's *Beatrice Cenci*, another Arts Council prize-winner, have also been given by the B.B.C. The massive and sombre orchestral prelude encouraged a hope that the composer would find some musical equivalent for the lurid power and pathos of Shelley's drama; but on the rise of the curtain, the dramatic tension paradoxically dropped and the music lapsed into respectability.

D. S.-T.

"The Boy Friend," at the Players'

As a welcome change from Victorian music hall the Players' has taken a rich shameless plunge into the Tea-for-Two era. A lost age of innocence where it is always Riviera-time and the Girls—long-legged, flat-chested, poppy-eyed, with a coyness that went out with the cloche hat—scurry up stage whooping helplessly at the merest swish of a blazer. Mr. Sandy Wilson's "New Musical Comedy of the 1920s" is the wittiest and happiest skit that London has seen for many years. His book and lyrics are not only enchanting, but they keep a tight-rope blend of *pastiche* and sentimental

Fact or Fancy

Recent international events have proved the absolute necessity for thinking people to have some reliable, authoritative source of information on the Soviet Union, its policy and its people. For those who no longer care to rely on the fantasies of Fleet Street there are available these two sources of FACTS.

First, for those who want the background to the day-to-day life of the 200 million Soviet people, there is *SOVIET UNION*, the monthly illustrated magazine. This brings you facts and photographs which, though available to the British Press, are rarely brought to your notice. Secondly, there is *NEWS*, a fortnightly review displaying the authoritative Soviet attitude to world politics.

Soviet Union costs 7/6 for 6 mths. 15s. a year. News costs 5s. for 6 mths. 10s. a year. Both are available from

COLLET'S

I enclose.....for SOVIET UNION for.....months
NEWS for.....months.

Name .....

Address .....

To Collet's Bookshops (at any of these addresses): 66, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. 193, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3., 40 and 67, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. 62, Carr Lane, Hull.

NS 24.4.

nostalgia. The tap duets, the honky-tonky charlestons, the brisk lollops up and down the Plage, the dewy misunderstandings and the final brisk Aristotelian recognition—this is the real thing regained. The producer (Vida Hope), backed by perfect scenery and costumes (Reginald Woolley), has found a team that is less a cast than a collective atavismus. Mr. Fred Stone, as a romantic heavy father haunted by an Armistice imprudence, is pure Herbert Clayton, Anne Wakefield an unmatched period soubrette, while as the heroine, Polly Browne, Ann Rogers is everything our uncles meant by Boat Race Night. But the palm of the evening goes to Joan Sterndale Bennett's Madame Dubonnet (once Kiki, the toast of Maxim's). Here art has turned into a whole composite panorama of Mr. Macqueen Pope's heroines. The figure is St. Helier but the voice is the voice of Delysia. J. N. B. R.

Correspondence

AFRICAN FEDERATION

SIR,—It was encouraging to read John Hatch's letter urging that the struggle against Federation should now be intensified rather than relaxed. If it is now too late for the Southern Rhodesians, it need not be too late for the people of this country. Yet the prevalent mood of defeatism is understandable and those of us who oppose Federation have brought it on ourselves, by failing to publicise effectively alternatives to the present Federal Scheme. We have allowed ourselves to be manœuvred into considering the Central African issue purely in terms of Federation, or no Federation.

This attitude of mind was encouraged by the Officials Conference in 1951 which, whilst laying the basis for the present scheme, largely ignored the Bledisloe Commission's recommendations, against Amalgamation and Federation but for some form of closer association. Neither did they give much attention to the reasons behind the breakdown of the Central African Council, which was an attempt at closer association accepted by the Africans. This Council, though badly constructed and lacking executive powers, met with some initial success, notably in the fields of immigrant labour, transport and fuel. It could have provided the basis for inter-territorial co-operation, had the White settlers so wished.

It is not enough to argue that it is for the Government officials to work out acceptable alternatives. Officials are moved by politicians, and politicians are motivated by public opinion. Here was surely an opportunity and an obligation for the Universities, for groups such as the African Bureau, the Fabian Colonial Bureau, and other interested individuals, to consider and publicise the alternatives more widely.

I believe we should urge the re-creation of the Central African Council on a similar basis to the East African High Commission, having equal territorial and racial representation. Such a Council should have executive powers and be backed up by its own Secretariat. Though its members could be elected from the Territorial Legislatures it should be financially independent. Its success, however, would depend on Southern Rhodesia's active support, which would not be given if the scheme hindered the objective of complete self-government. What price would we have to pay for such support? Possibly Dominion status; and, if so, are we justified in sacrificing the rarely used powers of the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations in that country? These points should be the concern of an Investigating Commission, who might also consider the 1939 recommendation of the Bledisloe Report to amalgamate Northern Rhodesia with Nyasaland,

However, in the present atmosphere consultation would be fruitless and the immediate need is for an *ad hoc* fact-finding commission to visit Africa to determine the nature and extent of the African Opposition. This last fact has never been made entirely clear to the people in this country. They could also ascertain, as the Governor of Northern Rhodesia is now rather belatedly trying to do, what conditions would make Federation acceptable to the Africans and, if then ready, study the practicability of the Northern Rhodesian African National Congress's "feasible alternatives" which African leaders and chiefs now intend to produce. This could be the first step to making "partnership" a reality. The fact-finders should not rule out the possibility of a referendum amongst Africans; experience in India at the General Election has shown that democratic voting among illiterates is not as fantastic as Mr. Welensky would have us believe. Is it too late for this type of inquiry to take place before the Enabling Bill?

DAVID J. RAYMONT

SIR,—In his letter published in your issue of 18 April, Mr. John Hatch dismisses the result of the Division in the House of Commons on Central African Federation with the words "it proved nothing more than that the Government can command a lobby majority . . ." In fact, the majority of forty-four was substantial on an issue of the first importance. But more significant was the fact that some twenty Labour Members abstained from voting, of whom eleven had at one time or another held senior or junior posts in Labour Governments, including Mr. Gordon Walker, Mr. R. R. Stokes, Mr. Stanley Evans, Mr. Maurice Webb and Mr. C. R. Hobson.

Further, the result of the Southern Rhodesian Referendum disclosed a proportion of 63 per cent. of voters in favour of Federation, not 50 per cent. as stated by your correspondent. Moreover, the total poll of 83 per cent. of the electorate revealed the high sense of responsibility felt by the people of Southern Rhodesia.

I submit, therefore, that these figures establish rather more than that "the Conservative Party and the majority of White settlers favour Federation." They establish, also, that an influential section of the Labour Party also supports Federation, and that nearly two-thirds, not one half, of those who voted at the Southern Rhodesian Referendum, were in favour of that policy.

E. H. LANE POOLE
United Central Africa Association,
London Committee,
17 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL CAP

SIR,—To suggest postponing the reform of the Public schools until the State schools can compete with them in quality of education, merely echoes the cries of those conscience-stricken Tories who wish to reprieve, for as long as possible, a system they cannot justify. The point that "When this (reform) is done, a conscientious parent will be able to send his child to a State school even if he can afford to pay the fees for privileged education" is well described (by Mr. Fienburgh in the same issue) as "a fond hope" which ". . . entirely ignores the prestige value of Public school education."

And there is a weightier objection. It may well be that the fundamental reform of State education you (rightly) say is necessary, is *dependent* upon a fundamental reform of the Public school system. For I fear that it is only when the problem has become a truly national one, when everyone's children—and particularly the children of middle-class parents—are involved, that the people as a whole will demand that the necessary reforms be made. Can it be doubted? The present great outcry against the shortcomings of State education is not due only to the low standard of Secondary Modern schools and the iniquities of the 11 plus exam. Standards in these schools have always been comparatively low, and there has always been an examination with "the raw material . . . graded into its life stream at the age of 11" though one might never have thought so. No, the difference is that for the first time an articulate section of the community has become affected, those of the middle, professional classes who might formerly have filled the Grammar school fee-paying places abolished by the 1944 Act and who are now forced to choose between the Secondary Modern school and the heavy burden of fees at the Public school. The radical reforms, the vast sums of money to be spent on teachers' salaries and new buildings will not be forthcoming, I fear, until every section of the community becomes involved, until, that is, the Public schools system is brought into the orbit of the State.

Further, while there are grave defects in the present organisation of State schools, it is idle to pretend that they are of the same kind or degree as those inherent in the Public schools system. I believe (Mr. Fienburgh may not) that the Public schools, reorganised, have much to offer to a truly democratic society, but as they are at present they are an affront to the increasing democratisation of our people. They foster class-consciousness and superiority, first by instilling into their pupils the cult of superior background, breeding and way of life; and second, where they are boarding schools—and this is in the majority of cases—by, virtue of the fact that for much of the time they are isolated from the outside world and live without that proper intercourse with it which is essential to a healthy democratic society. Living thus, in a society turned in upon itself, their loyalties become narrow, to school and class rather than to broad humanity. By excluding the children of poor parents they reject the principle of equality of opportunity. By studied emphasis on narrow concepts of religion, royalty and patriotism, they breed insularity and chauvinism.

Now snobbery there may be in Grammar schools, and it is to be deplored, and we must do everything possible to eradicate it. Mr Fienburgh, however, says: "The class structure of society does not depend solely on birth or wealth. The assumption of superiority is, in my opinion, just as undesirable when based on intellectual achievement." I really cannot see this. Does intellectual superiority, undesirable though it may be, play anywhere near the same part in making a class society as the "superiority" of the Public schools? If intellectual snobbery follows from recognising differences in ability, then we are dealing with the sort of human failing which lies deep in human nature. Even Comprehensive schools may not eradicate it. We must look rather to the high moral influence of a socialistically organised society where eventually a good carpenter will not command less respect, as a human being, than a good doctor.

Chislehurst, Kent. HARRY JONES

SIR,—Barbara Laslett thinks independent schools have an unfair advantage and wants them abolished

WHAT IS HE GETTING THERE?

Have you ever watched an Editor verify an important detail for his "leader", ever observed a Member of Parliament check a crucial point in his speech?—seen a Librarian answer a question on current affairs, or a Lecturer look up the facts about a recent world event?

What is it all the experts use to obtain instantly dates, details, facts, figures, no matter whether they were in the news last week, last month, last year, or any time during the last two decades?

THE ANSWER IS KEESING'S

The 'living' Reference Tool on Current Affairs

But you don't have to be professionally concerned with Politics and Economics to profit fully from a service designed to keep you always up to the mark on the important topics in national and international affairs, with the help of an efficient Index, continually renewed.

Nor do you have to be a Cabinet Minister to be able to afford KEESING'S: the present is a particularly advantageous moment for private citizens to join the service, because a new publishing year will soon start, enabling you to begin compiling your own handy and compact log-book of our time.

Post this coupon Now

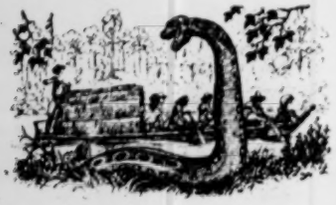
Keesing's Publ. Ltd. · Keynsham · Bristol

Please supply free details of your service.

Name .....

Address N.St.49

EXPLORATION
FAWCETT



★ **A story which has everything — gripping adventure, dangerous encounters, hairbreadth escapes and the thrill of venturing into the unknown."**

NORMAN WALKER (*Daily Sketch*)

★ **"A monument to an Englishman of extraordinary courage and tenacity . . . a fascinating book of adventure."**

G. M. THOMSON (*Evening Standard*)

★ **"A staggering book . . . there is something immensely moving about this cranky middle-aged English Ulysses."**

JOHN RAYMOND (*B.B.C.*)

4th Large Imp. 70 illus. 15s.

★

PHILIP GIBBS

THE NEW ELIZABETHANS

"Sir Philip Gibbs reviews the young manhood and womanhood over which the Queen is called to reign. A personal impression based on first-hand evidence, beautifully produced and generously illustrated." R. G. LUNT (*Birmingham Post*) 33 Photographs *Foreword by Neville Duke.* 15s.

STANLEY FIRMIN

MEN IN THE SHADOWS

The thrilling and dramatic story of Scotland Yard's "Ghost Squad," England's most exciting secret agents. *15 illus.* 15s.

CROCKFORD'S

By A. L. HUMPHREYS

A history of the famous 18th century club. "Amusingly told and in fascinating detail." JOSEPH TAGGART (*Star*) 15s.

★

HUTCHINSON

for the sake of fair play; quite rightly, if that's all there is to it.

But consider what has happened since 1870. The State has always wanted education on the cheap, and local authorities have always thought in terms of classes of 40 or 50 or more.

In 1936 I counted 145 children in one classroom in a country town. There were two teachers, one at each end.

The average size of classes in State schools has never yet been less than double what it should be for real personal relationships to develop between teachers and children. In such conditions it has been, on the whole, impossible for teachers in State schools to do much more than tag along at the heel of events. Ordinary teachers have never had room to think about education while practising it, and if this state of affairs is allowed to be universal, then it's dangerous. The argument for independent schools is that it is safer that some class-teachers should have the unfair advantage of being able to think while they work than that all should be conditioned as worker-bees.

Totnes, Devon. H. W. HECKSTALL-SMITH

CYRIL JOAD

SIR,—I much enjoyed Mr. Kingsley Martin's article on Cyril Joad. I should like, however, to add a further point.

Cyril Joad's most valuable quality was his "non-conformity." Once he affirmed that, if he could live his life again, he would "fit in," know the right people, take care not to offend their susceptibilities by brilliant conversation, get elected to committees, attain worldly success. But in real life, honesty of opinion—however distasteful that opinion might be to others—was automatic and unquestioned. Integrity is achievable in different ways and Cyril Joad's integrity lay precisely in his own "non-conformity."

It was not only others, but also himself that he thought expendable in the service of the Life Force (later the Divine Purpose). *Work, work, work.* Produce something, without expecting that it will be supremely good, or even very good. Why should it be? Under surface vanity was true humility. At 59, Cyril worked on the farm with the farm hands. During nine months of great pain, academic work continued. His death is the death of a great individualist. DOREEN ELDERTON

TOMÁS CENTENO

SIR,—I have been deeply shocked by the way in which the Spanish press and some Catholic papers in other countries have treated the death and the memory of Tomás Centeno. According to my information he was tortured and killed by Spanish police in the building of the Dirección General de Seguridad, and this has been confirmed by direct information from reliable sources in Spain and also by medical evidence. The Spanish press portrays him as the chief of a gang of forgers, who ran a bogus business to cover their criminal activities.

I knew Tomás Centeno personally when we were imprisoned in one of the many prisons of Madrid during the bloody repression which followed the fall of the Republican Army in 1939. (He was major of the battalion named "Largo Caballero.") Shortly before his death he was a member of the clandestine Executive of the Spanish Socialist Party. To earn his living he possessed a small business in the building trade, in a working-class borough of Madrid and he was always willing to give a helping hand to those who, like myself, had no possibility of finding employment because they were known to be hostile to the Franco regime.

Tomás Centeno was an honest workman, a kindly man and a faithful Socialist, who gave his life for his ideals. Those Spaniards who call themselves Catholics should bear in mind that Christianity does not mean the torture of prisoners and the defamation of them after they have been murdered for political purposes. J. T. GOLAS

CADENZAS

SIR,—Apropos of Mr. Desmond Shawe-Taylor's most interesting and timely article on "Cadenzas," it is a little unkind of him to rake up so ancient a sin, of which I have long repented with shame. What pressure was put upon me to play a Mozart concerto minus cadenza, I cannot now recollect, but I think it was more likely to have been governed by the studio clock than by modesty, as he suggests. Many of us, however, would perhaps hesitate to perpetuate the home-made "flourishes" (strictly "period") which we perform in public. The cadenza problem is indeed vexatious. Failing a cadenza by the composer, I braved the nearest in period—Hummel—to the C minor concerto, with dire results and yelps of horror from both sides of the Atlantic (but strangely enough *no* yelp from a fine conductor like van Beinum who conducted). One sometimes wonders whether the "period inhibition" has not gone a little too far and whether Mozart himself would have been so scandalised by his pupil's cadenza. One young critic, who had read his "Girdleston" but perhaps had not had time to hear or play much music, informed us that Mozart never used thematic material in his cadenzas.

Any reasonable suggestions are most acceptable to those of us who are not Wanda Landowskas.

KATHLEEN LONG

THE GRANVILLE-BARKER BUST

SIR,—The Committees of the National Theatre and the British Drama League have approved the plan of the late Geoffrey Whitworth for a bust of Harley Granville-Barker by Jacob Epstein to be placed in the National Theatre. The cost will be £500, of which £350 has been subscribed.

Further subscriptions may be made by cheque payable to the Westminster Bank, West End Office, crossed Granville-Barker Account, address 1 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1.

On completion, an audited account and a photograph of the bust will be sent to each subscriber.

ESHER, PHYLLIS WHITWORTH,
NICHOLAS HANNEN, CONSTANT HUNTINGTON

"MAGIC CITY"

SIR,—With reference to your reviewer's mention of my poem "Letter in a Bottle" in your journal recently, I should like to bring E. Nesbit's "Magic City" to the notice of those of your readers that were not adequately nourished in their youth. It is one of the most charming fantasies in our literature. The original illustrations are a powerful aid.

As regards the rhyme-scheme, which your reviewer describes as "an invention and a rather pointless one," this was, of course, the rhyme-scheme of Pushkin's "Eugene Onegin," also a very charming work, which it would repay your readers to explore, though it is not much talked about at present in the masters' common-room. GERALD BROMHEAD WALKER

Subscription Rates

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d.; Six months, £1 2s. 6d.; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 8s. 0d. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3 13s. 0d.).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa: South £4. East £4 5s. West £3 15s.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £4 10s.
Australia, £6. New Zealand, £6 10s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.
Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to: BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc. 30, East 60th Street, N.Y. 22, N.Y.
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express $17 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue: Inland* 1½*d.; Foreign* 1½*d.; Canada* 1*d.*

Books in General

A NOVEL by Mrs. Wharton in her best period is a correcting experience, a pain when the correction seems to be directed at ourselves, a pleasure when it is being handed out to other people. She is—so many of the important women novelists have been this—a mother-figure, determined, pragmatic, critical and alarming. How inevitable not to come up to her moral, intellectual, above all her social standards. Once we get out of the room where we have been sitting alone with the formidable lady, we foresee that we shall break out or go downhill once more. We know she is no fool; she can startle us by her range of observation; but we shall suspect that what she calls discipline is really first cousin to puritanism and fear, and that what she calls the Eumenides are really projections of the aunts who run the conventions and man the barricades of the taboos. The acerbity of a novelist, like Mrs. Wharton is *mondaine* before it is spiritual; it denotes a positive pleasure in the fact that worldly error has to be heavily paid for spiritually. Her sense of tragedy is linked to a terrifying sense of propriety. It is steely and has the hard efficiency of the property market into which she was born. When, in *The House of Mirth*,* Lily Bart is told that she will have to choose between the values of the smart set in New York and the "republic of the spirit," we are not absolutely convinced that this republic is not a new kind of puritan snobbery. The men who belong to this republic signally fail to rush the women off their feet into this excellent world, and Mrs. Wharton is drily aware of their failure. In its first decades the rise of American Big Business created an upper class whose sensitive men cut themselves off from a crude society that shocked them and which was dominated by women. She noted this in her autobiography and it is plain in all her books. Her own interesting situation is that there is an emotional force held back in her, which resents the things her mind approves of and it is this dilemma that gives her mind its cutting edge—at any rate in the books she wrote before she found personal happiness. That happiness, it now seems, dulled her talent.

There is, of course, more than all this to Mrs. Wharton, both as person and novelist. She elaborated the balance sheet of renunciation and became the accountant-historian of a rich society, and nothing passed her merciless eye. She wrote best when the pressure had been hardest to bear, even though that pressure may have frozen the imaginative and enhanced the critical character of her talent. Her prose has a presentable cold pomp: "The cushioned chairs, disposed expectantly under the wide awning, showed no signs of recent occupancy." Under great bitterness and frustration we have learned to expect outbursts of sentimentality—as a far greater writer, like Mauriac, has shown us—and when she drags the Eumenides into three or four melodramatic pages of her best novel, *The House of Mirth*, we are embarrassed. But it is exceptional for her control to go. Her study of rich New York in the early 1900s in that book will pass for smart sets anywhere and at any time, for even in our day, when most conventions have gone, when people no longer behave like "deaf mutes in an asylum," the cheerless figure of the socialite remains. The smart set is the quintessential dust bowl. In a later comment on this novel Mrs. Wharton wrote "that a frivolous society can acquire dramatic significance only through what its frivolity destroys. Its tragic implication lies in its power of debasing people and ideals." The idea is Jamesian and if the execution of it lacks the poetry, the heightened recitative of Henry James, we do get from Mrs. Wharton the hard, unpitying moralist who will forgive but not forget, and the derisive critic of social architecture.

Indignation about the sins of another social class is, of course, easy money, and does not, of itself, get a novelist very far. One slightly suspects that Mrs. Wharton did not like new people getting rich. But she did examine her subject with scientific efficiency, and in Lily Bart she created the most rewarding kind of socialite: one who was morally a cut above the rest of her circle, but who had been fatally conditioned from the first. Lily Bart is a beautiful and very intelligent girl, delightful company and really too clever for any of the men her society was likely to offer. On the lowest level, she is hopeless about money, about pushing her way in first, about intrigue, about using people, about the main chance. Her own view is that she behaves as she does, because she has no money. It is Becky Sharp's cry: virtue on five thousand a year. But this is only half her case. She is a superb artist in the business of being in the swim, a brilliant contriver of success; she has a wonderful sense of timing—when to be in the spotlight and when not. Her startling weakness is that she sows but she does not reap. At the last moment she is wrecked by the sudden boredom and carelessness of the very clever. On the day of victory she oversleeps. Her self-confidence is such that she does not bother to play her ace; and she imagines her gift for dispensing with success at the last minute will make her impervious to her enemies. It does not. Selden, who wants to marry her, imagines that her last-minute failure are signs of grace, impulses from the unconscious. They make her very likeable, but they must be considered as opportunities for further displays of courage and sangfroid rather than happy, non-social back-slidings into "the republic of the spirit." Her courage is half vanity. So low are the standards of her set that she is encouraged thereby to mistake thrilled nerve for an access of intelligence:

> She . . . listened to Ned Silverton reading Theocritus by moonlight, as the yacht rounded the Sicilian promontories, with a thrill of the nerves that confirmed her belief in her intellectual superiority.

Theocritus is, in fact, the right poet, at the right moment, among the right people, at the height of the season. A venial folly; after all, are we quite sure that the enlightened Selden is any better for cutting himself off from the life of his country and reading La Bruyère?

Lily Bart has the beauty and vanity which George Eliot thought so wicked in women, but Lily's attractions are energy, an occasional capacity for honesty and innocence. She is not ashamed of her cunning in getting money out of a married man like Gus Trenor for she has used her brains; what really shocks her is the price demanded. Her match is Rosedale, the rich rising Jew who reads her character perfectly, who puts his price up as hers goes down and, in the end, out of sheer admiration for her abilities, is willing to behave disinterestedly. But he is defeated by her gift for last-minute failure: she refuses to silence the women who have ruined her. Pride or a sense of virtue? Neither, I think—and here Mrs. Wharton is very penetrating: those who believe in their star believe also in despair. Lily Bart is a gambler. One enjoys her as one enjoys the electric shocks of roulette, as one enjoys the incorrigible and the plunger. And one enjoys her also because Mrs. Wharton turns her inside out:

> Moral complications existed for her only in the environment that had produced them: she did not mean to slight or ignore them, but they lost their reality when they changed their background.

Or, when it is a matter of getting a financial "tip" out of Trenor:

> She was always scrupulous about keeping up appearances to herself. Her personal fastidiousness had a moral equivalent and when she made a tour of inspection in her own mind there were certain closed doors she did not open.

The only element missing from Lily Bart's character is her obvious sexual coldness to which, when the novel was written, Mrs. Wharton could hardly have referred even if—to suppose the impossible—she had desired to do so.

New York's social scene is expertly set down in *The House of Mirth* with an anthropologist's thoroughness and the novel is remarkable for its skilful visits from one smart set to the smart set on the stair below. These tours are conducted with all Mrs. Wharton's superlative snobbery.

> Mrs. Bry, to Mrs. Fisher's despair had not progressed beyond the point of weighing her social advantages in public.

There was smart hotel society:

> Through this atmosphere of torrid splendour moved wan beings as richly upholstered as the furniture, beings without definite pursuits or permanent relations, who drifted on a languid tide of curiosity from restaurant to concert hall, from palm-garden to music-room.

Here reigned Mrs. Hatch, the simple lady who, surrounded by beauty specialists, wished to soar socially; the Bovary of the Gossip columns, who wanted to do what was "nice" and to be taught how to be "lovely."

Mrs. Wharton hated the smart set she had been brought up in and she is good in this novel no doubt because she is anatomising the monster whose stupidities and provincialities might have crushed her. But the making of her as a novelist is her power to create incident and to conduct great scenes. Strangely enough her ironical power and gift of surprise often recall those of an utterly different novelist—Thomas Hardy. She has—usually under iron control—a persistent sense of fate, a skill in entangling her characters before striking them down. The scene at Gus Trenor's when this magnate turns nasty and looks like going to the point of sexual assault is wonderfully handled and Lily is marvellous in it;

---

* *The House of Mirth*. By EDITH WHARTON. *Lehmann*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
The Age of Innocence. By EDITH WHARTON. *Lehmann*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

every cliché in this well-known situation is avoided, every truth in it discerned and the end is perfect. And Bertha Dorset's revenge on Lily: that is as brilliant a *volte-face* and surprise as one can remember in any plot in social comedy. Mrs. Wharton did not touch these heights afterwards, though even in her weaker novels, there is the same astringency, the same readiness of invention.

Again and again we find that novelists who have attacked the conventions because they stultify the spirit, who attack the group for its cruelty to individuals, will end by pointing out the virtues of submission. Mrs. Wharton may have hated old New York, but she hated the new New York even more. She disliked the prison of silent hypocrisy, but she drew in her skirts when candour came in. Especially after her long life, *en grande luxe* in Europe. What indignation denounces creeps back in the name of sentiment. *The Age of Innocence* shows a man giving in, loyally marrying the conventional girl he does not love, throwing over the Europeanised woman who is his natural equal. It is the surrender to the established bourgeois standard. No great harms come of it; only dullness and disappointment. The sweet young girl he was engaged to was slyer than he thought. She became like her mother-in-law to whose face "a lifelong mastery over trifles had given factitious authority." Perhaps, after all, her husband reflects, that old New York which would not "know" a divorced woman, was rather charming and quite right. Better renunciation than a hole-in-corner affair. Mrs. Wharton always believed in the sterner condition; but her brain resented it. Not even snobbery and respect for "factitious authority" could get her into the Catholic Church at the end of her life. The old Puritan worldling stood out firmly for patching, for facing unpleasantness, making the second best of things, refusing accommodations. Worry, culture and character were the thing. One imagines God wondering if he dared leave a card. The strange thing is that we mistrust her at once when, late in life, she becomes benign.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE LIGHT

Water the ground with his tears,
For those that die in pain
Nourish most opulently
The incomprehensible grain
That we hoard warm and high
Against murrained years.

Let the loud priest rehearse
With book, candle and bell,
To exorcise the evil,
Nor leave any place but Hell
For the kind fertility devil:
God bless the curse.

Let the trained observer
Find the perennial root
Of the malady,
Stamp on it with his foot.
But the sick man must die
Before he can recover.

The white dress of folly
Is the dress of the bride,
Because of the hair-fine
Barriers that divide
And therefore also join,
Crazy things and holy.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

EATANSWILL

Politics in the Age of Peel. By NORMAN GASH. *Longmans.* 45*s.*

All history can be reduced to two sentences. Men think; and they act. The two deciding forces in politics are ideas and organisation: men's beliefs on the one hand, the system for putting them into effect on the other. Whig historians, from Macaulay to Trevelyan, used to write as though ideas alone determined the course of politics. They ranked men according to their creeds and thought that, when they had analysed Puritanism or Reform, they had found the key to events. Now we have swung to the opposite extreme. The basis for politics is found in the constituencies, not in Parliament; and we explain events by analysing the machinery of elections. Even in contemporary affairs, the trend is away from intellectual debate and towards the surveys of general elections, which Nuffield College provides on each occasion. Success is explained by "the cube rule" and superior organisation, not by men's preference for Conservatism or Socialism.

Mr. Gash's book is very much on the new pattern. We have by now a pretty clear picture of the practical side of eighteenth-century politics; but we have gone lazily on assuming that all this was changed by the great Reform of 1832. In reality, politics had been changing in the fifty years before the Reform Act; and they did not change much more rapidly in the twenty years after it. The electorate was not much larger. It was still corrupt. The electors expected to be paid for their votes; and they needed a substantial payment to induce them to face the violence which they encountered as they went to the polls. Not more than half the constituencies were actually contested—in the general elections of 1841 and 1847 substantially less. Local influences counted for more than party allegiance. Some constituencies were still the property of a single great magnate; others were determined by negotiations between half a dozen gentry. The Government still used its patronage to win votes for the candidates it favoured; and even the Court had its candidates in a couple of constituencies. The Duke of Newcastle would have understood the system; Mr. Morgan Phillips would have found it more puzzling.

All this is brilliantly described by Mr. Gash. His book is written most ably, with great wit and penetration. The most casual reader, who cares nothing for political history, can read it from beginning to end with unalloyed pleasure. It is also distinguished for its scholarship. Endless patience has gone to its making; there is not a detail wrong. But even a first-rate book calls for criticism; and Mr. Gash can be criticised even within his terms of reference. He claims to describe how the constituencies worked, how elections were made. But his evidence is drawn largely from the parliamentary inquiries into corrupt elections. If we based our knowledge of human nature on the law reports, we should suppose that everyone not a murderer was a thief, an adulterer, or a policeman. What about the millions of honest men? The historian has to account for them also, and it is his most difficult problem. Between 1833 and 1853 there were 185 parliamentary inquiries. What about the hundreds of constituencies against which no complaint was made? Were they equally corrupt? It seems unlikely; and in that case Mr. Gash's book gives a one-sided picture—that of the small decaying boroughs, which naturally preserved more of the old abuses. He gives a detailed account only of Berkshire; and it is difficult to admit his claim that Berkshire was typical of the rest. Otherwise, the only large constituencies he discusses are the counties. Not a single large town is mentioned. Yet the problems of Manchester or Birmingham were the problems of the future; those of Sudbury or Wallingford survivals from the past. Every historian is inclined to look back, not forwards—it is the mark of his trade; but other men are as much inclined to make something new, as to preserve. And there is not much in Mr. Gash's book about the new things that were being made, except for the rudiments of central party organisation. Before we have an adequate picture, we shall have to analyse every sort of constituency, one by one, large as well as small, pure as well as corrupt. This book contributes to the final account; it does not give it.

Mr. Gash would admit this. But there is a larger criticism. The sub-title of his book is "A Study in the Technique of Parliamentary Representation"—a study admirably carried out. But the book is called *Politics in The Age of Peel*. Are title and sub-title synonymous? Have we settled with politics when we analyse electoral influence and corruption? Surely this is the great heresy of present-day historians. Men do not think all the time; therefore it is now supposed that they do not think at all. Mr. Gash alludes casually to Radicals and Conservatives, to the great issues of the Reform Bill or the repeal of the Corn Laws. But he seems to regard them as tiresome intrusions in the study of technique. He regards it as a great joke, made more than once, that Cobden was "a calico-printer"; and at heart he sympathises with the Tories, who have always wanted to keep ideas out of politics—though even their devotion to the Established Church is played down. He writes of the debates over the Reform Bill: "What the Tories said was true; but what the Whigs did was necessary." True to argue that concessions lead to revolution? Merely necessary to bring Parliament more nearly into line with the will of the people? Again, "on the high historic and philosophical plane, the Tory case against reform was irrefutable . . . What counted for the Whigs was . . . the force of contemporary society . . . they were instruments rather than creators." This of Lord John Russell, from whose mind the great principles of 1688 were never absent for a moment. Of course the technique of parliamentary representation counted in "the age of Peel," as it always does. But politics were shaped even more by ideas; and these were great ideas of progress and emancipation.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

THE TWIN AND THE FORTUNE

The Heir of Douglas. By LILLIAN DE LA TORRE. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*

It has been said that anyone who knows the Douglas Cause in all its ramifications has little left to learn about the history of eighteenth-century Scotland. Only the Dreyfus Case is comparable for the public excitement it produced and the mass of documents that accumulated during its progress through the Courts of three countries. Yet the only books on the subject have been out of print for many years and Miss de la Torre's brilliant reconstruction, into which she has incorporated much new material, will come not only as a delight but as a surprise to many readers.

The central figure who dominates the book is not the colourless if worthy Heir, but the magnetic Lady Jane Douglas, his reputed mother. The life of this lovely impulsive creature had been overshadowed since girlhood by the violence and enmity of her mentally deranged brother, the wealthy Duke of Douglas, on whom she was entirely dependent. When at the age of 48 she made a reckless marriage with a ruined soldier of fortune, Colonel John Stewart, they dared not tell the Duke, and slipped off to the Continent with the Colonel disguised as one of her household. It says much for Lady Jane's generosity and courage that she included a badly wanted Jacobite, the Chevalier Johnston, in her party. Two years later, the couple, having exhausted their credit in France, returned to London with twin boys, whom they claimed had been born to Lady Jane at the mature age of 50. The Duke, and not he alone, was pardonably sceptical;

The Power and the Valley

HENRY BILLINGS

Foreword by
Herbert Agar

The inspiring story of the most imaginative large-scale experiment of this century—the regeneration of the Tennessee Valley.

"I have read with the greatest interest this story of the progress of plans under the Tennessee Valley Authority over a period of twenty years. I find in it a most arresting account of developments carried out on a regional basis which, intelligently studied, may point the way to fruitful efforts in many widely differing fields. **I heartily commend the book** to all concerned in the study of administrative method."

LORD WAVERLEY (Sir John Anderson)

With many drawings, maps and diagrams
12s. 6d. net.

Around Theatres

MAX BEERBOHM

"These are the essays written by Sir Max Beerbohm week by week for the *Saturday Review* during his 'twelve years' bondage to dramatic criticism' (1898-1910). Officials at the London and other libraries will sigh with relief that the whole of the contents of two comparatively rare volumes is now contained in one stout and well-printed book available to the general reader." THE TIMES.

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

Demy 8vo. 592 pages. 30s.

The Queen & HER Royal Relations

COMPILED BY CONRAD MILLER-BROWN

Nothing like this has ever been attempted before. A large and beautifully coloured folding family-tree chart provides the "at-a-glance" key to a book which will fascinate the general reader and be invaluable to the student of history.

Crown Quarto. 7s. 6d.

RUPERT HART-DAVIS

THE HUMAN KIND

ALEXANDER BARON

'I can read it like a thirsty man drinking.' J. D. Scott in the NEW STATESMAN. *Reprinted.* 10s 6d

THE RETREAT

P. H. NEWBY

'One of the best things Mr. Newby has done.' Walter Allen in the NEW STATESMAN. *Book Society Recommendation. Already reprinting.* 12s 6d

THE APPRENTICE

JOSEPH TOMELTY

'As good a working-class novel as I have read.' John Betjeman in the DAILY TELEGRAPH. *Already reprinting.* 12s 6d

The HILLS were JOYFUL TOGETHER

ROGER MAIS

A powerful story of a Jamaican community. *Book Society Recommendation.* 12s 6d

CASINO ROYALE

IAN FLEMING

'The best new English thriller-writer since Ambler.' SUNDAY TIMES. *Already reprinting.* 10s 6d

April 27th

ONLY THE SILENT HEAR

KENNETH WALKER

A discussion of the possible answers to the riddle of existence by the author of *Diagnosis of Man.* 12s 6d

SOLDIERS & SOLDIERING

A. P. WAVELL (The late Lord Wavell)

Essays and addresses which rank as little masterpieces of military literature. 8s 6d

The TALE of a WYE FISHERMAN

H. A. GILBERT

Tells the story of the Wye from the earliest times to the present day. Illustrated. 16s

THE WOODEN 'O'

CELIA DALE

A story woven around the lives of the members of a Shakespearean company. 12s 6d

[All prices are net]

JONATHAN CAPE

he withheld her meagre allowance, and allowed his sister to die of cancer in poverty, leaving her husband in a debtor's prison, and the surviving twin, Archibald, to be brought up by charitable friends. The true origin of the child would have mattered to no one if the demented old man had not changed his mind at the last moment and left estates worth £12,000 a year to his rejected nephew. The next heirs, the ducal family of Hamilton, were not going to take this lying down; they challenged the lad's claim to be a Douglas. The belligerent widowed Duchess of Douglas (to whose influence he owed his inheritance) flew to his rescue, and for seven years a battle royal raged over France, Scotland, and England between the two great families and their agents.

Two extraordinary facts came early to light out of the confused story. Firstly, that the parents of the twins had taken practically no steps to refute the aspersions on their children's origin, and when the rascally old Colonel, now out of prison and a baronet, was put to questioning, he proved unable to contribute any verifiable details of his wife's confinement. Secondly, two humble Parisian families came forward to complain that their infant boys had been kidnapped by a foreign gentleman answering to the Colonel's description on the very dates when the twins were known to have first appeared in the Douglas ménage. The Scottish Court of Session gave a verdict against the Heir (Lord Hailes delivering the obstetrical part of his judgment in Latin, "because a great many ladies were present in Court"), but this was reversed in 1769 by the decision of the House of Lords, mainly owing to the influence of a most unjudicial and emotional speech by Lord Mansfield, who had been completely bewitched by the charm of Lady Jane. It will rejoice the hearts of Scottish Nationalists and of live-long Hamiltonians like myself, to find that the author's exhaustive examination of the evidence has convinced her that the Court of Session was right and the House of Lords wrong. (A study of the pithy and learned judgments of the Scots Lords, which Miss de la Torre does not print, will further show that, unlike many judges, they were right for the right reasons.)

Miss de la Torre's telling of the intricate story is worthy of the rich material. Her narrative, clear and sparkling as a Highland river, flows swiftly and entrancingly to its appointed end. A sensitive feeling for character and period enables her to bring to life the vigorous and varied personalities—French work-people, Scots lawyers, duchesses and landladies—Boswell and King George II—who crowd the scene. Yet, I think that in arriving at a "new solution" of the mystery, a feat on which she sets too much store, she has been led astray by a misunderstanding of her heroine. She asks us to believe that Lady Jane was incapable of deception, that she really did give birth to twin boys in the Jacobite Colony of St. Germain-en-Laye, but the babies were dead and her "adoring" husband, to save her disappointment, substituted stolen children without her knowledge. This theory presupposes an impossibly chivalrous Colonel, and an impossibly gullible lady, and raises far more difficulties than it solves. It is moreover unnecessary. It would seem that a woman renowned for her "insinuating address and engaging manners" when alive, has charmed her biographer into overlooking certain unfortunate traits in her character.

It would indeed be very natural that a woman who had been let down so badly by her men-folk at every turn, in an age when women were completely dependent on men economically and socially, should become warped and unscrupulous. There is much evidence in Lady Jane's correspondence and actions of financial irresponsibility bordering on fraud, and she repeatedly showed a pretty talent for duplicity. In a letter which Miss de le Torre omits to mention, she writes from the Continent to a kinswoman, not only explicitly and vehemently denying the story of her marriage to Colonel Stewart (who was in fact living with her at the time) but attributing the "rumours" to a cousin whom she calls a liar and "a brainless badhearted woman." This mean and thoroughly unscrupulous document probably influenced Lord Hailes to comment in the Court of Session that he could not attach much importance to witnesses to Lady Jane's good character because "there was much evidence to her want of truth upon almost every occasion." It should be remembered that Lady Jane and her husband were in a desperate financial plight and that in the days before the Chancellor of the Exchequer became a sort of Universal Heir to all property, the prestige of being the mother of the only male descendant of a noble family was very great—and a source of unlimited credit. One may have deep sympathy with this warm-hearted, frustrated woman, and yet have little confidence in her integrity. I am sure she entertained the highest principles, but she would never have let them stand in the way of anything she wanted to do.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

DENT

The Story of
Everest
By W. H. Murray

DEPUTY LEADER OF THE
1951 EVEREST RECONNAISSANCE

For the first time in one book Everest is here presented as a whole mountain, from north, east, south, and west. All the climbs from 1921, whether reconnaissances or actual attempts on the summit, are described, including the two Swiss expeditions of 1952.

24 pages of photographs, 14 sketch-maps
15s.

Paris
for Everyman

Brand new, up-to-date edition of this famous guide, entirely rewritten by H. A. PIEHLER; 224 pages of text, with 24-page coloured atlas, and indexes to text and maps.

7s. 6d.

Uniform with *London for Everyman, England for Everyman, Scotland for Everyman, Wales for Everyman, Ireland for Everyman.* 7s. 6d. each.

GRAND TOURS FOR ALL

The Thomas Cook Story. By JOHN PUDNEY. *Michael Joseph.* 15s.

This is a delightful book; most interesting, most entertaining. It was written spontaneously by Mr. Pudney as "an amateur of Victorian travel" not as the sponsored historian of the famous travel agency. The house of Cook co-operated with characteristic civility by opening their archives but did not issue any directives. The subject, promising enough, turns out to be unexpectedly rich.

There are, to begin with, all sorts of random associations: the dark-blue, padded-seat ambience of luxurious train travel, fortified by nips from the brandy flask of silver and crocodile skin, smoothed by the genii-like frock-coated courier who can speak all lingos. There is the label-collecting, culture-tasting tourist-flock, swarming round tombs, galleries, table d'hôtes, jeered at, how nastily, by *Punch*. There are the long-toothed, horse-faced tweedy Englishmen of the Seventies, the sight of six of whom, simultaneously taking out and winding up their watches, all in dead silence, gave Maupassant a nightmare second only to the indescribable *Horla*. And there are personal recollections: of oneself, for instance, aged twelve, *en route* for the Bernese Oberland, arriving by ceinture at the Gare de Lyons from the Gare du Nord, yelling, motion-intoxicated, "Thomas Cook, Thomas Cook, come here, I say!"

But as one reads the history one discovers other aspects. There is the part played by Thos. Cook as agents of imperialism, combining trips up the Nile with helping once, if not quite for all, to suppress Fuzzy Wuzzy. And the origins of the enterprise turn out to be, or any rate to suggest, an almost Marxistically blue-printed example of puritanism in the service of primitive accumulation. For the original Thomas Cook (1808-1892) who started it all, did so by ordering special trains for outings for temperance workers. He was a most remarkable character, this Derbyshire Baptist, gardener's boy, woodturner, printer—of prodigious manual performance—publisher, missionary zealot. As eccentric and individualistic as any Regency dotty, but as steadfastly virtuous as the grimmest of Smiles's self-helpers. Here he is campaigning against the weed in his own words in "Scraps From The Notebook Of A Tourist," a chapter from the third volume of *The Anti-Smoker*:

> My desire was to breathe uncontaminated air . . . All railway travellers know that smoking is strictly prohibited in all the railway carriages: but it is also well known that this law is often violated . . . Two young men got into the carriage . . . I soon discovered that they had something in their hands which they attempted to hide from the view of the police. As soon as the train started, a box of lucifers was produced, a light struck, and one of the men placed a cigar between his lips, and the other a short black pipe. . . I endured the nuisance as patiently and as silently as possible until a young gentleman of Leicester, who knew my anti-smoking propensities, whispered in my ear: "Where are your principles?" It occurred to me that I had under the seat a parcel containing a quantity of the Tract—Friendly Advice On The Use Of Tobacco . . I opened the parcel and drew out one of the tracts which I placed in the hands of the young man who sat nearest me . . . After reading a few lines he hastily took his pipe from his mouth and flung it away . . . after reading a few pages further he drew from his waistcoat pocket a paper containing his stock of tobacco, which he vehemently cast away . . . and turning to his companion said, "Come, down with that cigar—and the snuff box must go too . . ."

Powerful stuff. And even more powerful is his song for an open air meeting:

> Six hundred thousand drunkards march
> To wretchedness and hell
> While loud laments, and tears, and groans,
> In dismal chorus swell.

Precisely how all this asceticism developed into the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits, how the temperance jaunts became Grand Tours for Mr. and Mrs. Everyman, you must read Mr. Pudney to find out. It was always Thomas Cook's intention that travel should fortify. The consolidation and expansion of the business was due to his son, John Mason Cook, who left a fortune of nearly a million as compared with his father's few thousand. He was subjected to iron discipline as a youth, working fourteen hours a day for a wage of 1s. 6d. a week. Often he travelled for five consecutive days and nights in charge of trains loaded with excursionists. Progress, once the firm had decided on its policy, was steady and rapid. At first, the moral purpose of continental travel was stressed: "We would have every class of British subject visit Paris, that they may emulate its excellencies, and shun the vices and errors which detract from the glory of the French capital," wrote Cook in his house organ, *The Excursionist*.

Most violent of the attacks on Cooks Tourists came from Charles Lever, the Irish novelist, who, as Vice-Consul at Spezia, was shocked by their

ENGLISH HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS 1042-1189

Edited by
DAVID DOUGLAS M.A., F.B.A.
and G. W. GREENAWAY, M.A.

The first volume to be published in a thirteen volume series under the general editorship of Professor David C. Douglas, M.A., F.B.A., designed to make generally accessible a wide selection of the fundamental sources of English history.

V. H. Galbraith: *Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford University.* "In the last resort, an understanding of contemporary modes of thought must be sought in the contemporary sources. Such is the justification of this huge series, and it is a sound one." (*Time & Tide.*)

Sir Frank Stenton: "A compendious historical library for which professed students of history as well as the general reader should be grateful." (*Listener.*)

The Times: "No one can turn over these relics without marvelling at the incomparable riches of the English public records." (*in a leading article.*) *1,000 pages. 10 plates. 80s. net.*

POETS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

A five volume collection edited by
W. H. AUDEN and
NORMAN H. PEARSON

Vol. 1 Langland to Spenser; Vol. 2 Marlowe to Marvell; Vol. 3 Milton to Goldsmith; Vol. 4 Blake to Poe; Vol. 5 Tennyson to Yeats.

W. Somerset Maugham: "Everyone who cares for English poetry should have this admirable anthology." *Each volume (over 660 pages) 15s. net.*

THE LONDON BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE

Arranged and edited by
BONAMY DOBREE and
HERBERT READ

Spectator: "It is more than likely that this excellent anthology will take the place of the Oxford Book for this generation." *928 pages. 15s. net.*

MARY TUDOR

H. F. M. PRESCOTT

The Times Lit. Sup.: "Fair-minded, just and comprehensive . . . Miss Prescott has splendidly succeeded, and for that she has earned the gratitude of her generation." *448 pages. 7 plates. 30s. net.*

—Eyre & Spottiswoode—

SHAKESPEARE

HENRI FLUCHÈRE

Translated by GUY HAMILTON

Foreword by T. S. ELIOT, O.M.

In his Foreword, T. S. Eliot writes: "I am not acquainted with any recent English work which serves the same need as this . . . not only giving us a conspectus of Shakespeare's drama as a whole, but exhibiting that drama in its rotation to the other masterpieces of the Elizabethan theatre . . . His book commends itself to us because of the value of the author's own ideas, which are supported by his combination of scholarship with understanding and experience of the theatre." 25*s. net.*

THE THEATRE NOW

HAROLD HOBSON

The dramatic critic of the *Sunday Times* discusses the work of our chief living dramatists, especially Fry and Eliot, the major productions in London in recent years, and the extent the theatre reflects—and influences—contemporary thought. 15*s. net.*

★

POLITICS IN THE AGE OF PEEL

NORMAN GASH

This study in the technique of Parliamentary Representation in the period 1830-1850 describes in detail the structure of the representative system in a crucial phase of British history. 45*s. net.*

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

A History of Sweden, 1611-1632

MICHAEL ROBERTS

The first part of a two-volume history of Sweden during the critical period when she was emerging as a Great Power. 63*s. net.*

LONGMANS

UNWIN

The Real Stalin

YVES DELBARS, one of the best-informed experts on international politics, particularly on East Europe, has reconstructed during ten years' work the real history of Stalin, from his youth in Georgia. 25*s. net*

A History of Chinese Philosophy

DR. FUNG YU-LAN. The original Chinese version, published in 1934, has been accepted by Chinese scholars as the most important contribution yet made to the study of their country's philosophy. Volume I covers the period of the philosophers from the beginnings to around 100 B.C. 40*s. net*

Three Ways of Thought in Ancient China

ARTHUR WALEY. "Fascinating both for its own sake and for its parallels with our ways of thought in the tormented West."—E. M. Forster in *The Listener*. "The book is full of wit, wisdom and quaint sayings."—*The Observer*. *3rd impression.* 12*s. 6d. net*

The Russian Menace to Europe

KARL MARX and
FRIEDRICH ENGELS

Edited by P. W. Blackstock and B. F. Hoselitz. The editors have collected together articles, speeches, letters and news dispatches written by Marx and Engels at the end of the last century. They are startlingly appropriate to the international situation today. 20*s. net*

The Heart of Norway

COMMANDER F. N. STAGG.

This is the first book written in English tracing the enthralling history of Central Norway and its powerful archbishopric from early times until the German invasion of 1940. *Illustrated.* 18*s. net*

New Concepts of Hypnosis

as an adjunct to psychotherapy and medicine.

BERNARD C. GINDES, M.D.

A doctor conveys to the medical and psychological fields his findings on hypnotism from the point of view of serious scientific research and clinical observation of behaviour. 15*s. net*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

dreary appearance. Du Maurier took up Cook persecution in *Punch*. Sala counter-attacked on behalf of the tourists. Among the odder contretemps was the occasion when some Greek bandits kidnapped Lord Muncaster's private party, under the impression that they were ambushing a Cook's tour, which Cook himself had called off because the Greek Government had refused to provide a military escort. Later, and statelier, came the expeditions to the Holy Land, for Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, and the Kaiser, who rather overdid his entry into the Old City in Jerusalem, as many a British spinster was to remember during the first world war. From the twentieth century onwards the Cook story becomes less picturesque, the glamour settles down into a solid cloud of comfort. Mr. Pudney relates it all with just the right mixture of zest and urbanity. There are some nice period illustrations.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

VIEW HALLOO !

The Wake of the Bounty. By C. S. WILKINSON. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

Literary detection, F. W. Bateson has said, is at any rate more humane than cock-fighting. There is no need to be so up-stage about it, as this book shows. In fact it only becomes dangerous when it disguises itself as criticism, and Mr. Wilkinson takes care to make no such pretensions. He is very much the bluff layman where poetry is concerned, and takes care to appeal to "authorities" and "specialists." Sometimes these let him down. But there ! The sport would be just as good if the quarry were not *The Ancient Mariner*, but a poem no better than Miss Mitford's *Christina, the Maid of the South Seas*, which appears, in part, along with Coleridge's poem, in the appendices.

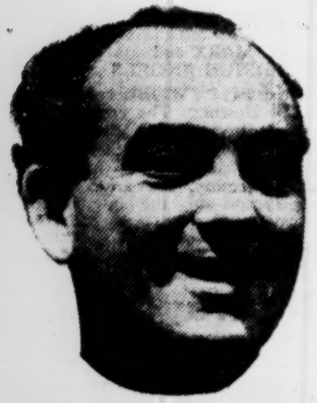
What these two poems have in common, according to Mr. Wilkinson, is a source of inspiration in the story of the mutiny on the *Bounty*. By Miss Mitford's time the full story was well known ; but how could Coleridge know more than the barest details, writing as he did less than ten years after the event ? The answer is that he knew it from Fletcher Christian's old schoolmate, Wordsworth, whose Cumbrian relatives and friends were conducting a pro-Christian anti-Bligh campaign ; Christian, moreover, returned secretly from Pitcairn about 1795, and Wordsworth was the agent employed by Cumbrian interests to meet Christian and arrange for his safety.

I don't believe this for a moment. But it is the run that we have for our money, not the kill ; and Mr. Wilkinson winds his horn with tremendous dash. The Prologue ends splendidly with "a journey whose end I little foresaw when I walked away that day," etc., and from then on the narrative never falters. The manner is perfect, the only possible manner, as bland as Jorkens, as cryptic as Holmes. Enlivened now and then with sly and ponderous wit, the style is full of character, always ready, with a "strangely enough . . .," to introduce an anecdote, an aside, a digression. It is "redolent" (the only word)—of leather-chairs and leather bindings in old-established clubs. Where else could one find Wordsworth in France described as "The Lakeland Lothario"?

Mr. Wilkinson says he dislikes notes to books, but his own footnotes are a joy. The ramifications they uncover become steadily more and more tenuous, far-reaching, and unpredictable. Everything links up with everything else, dream-like yet cosy. The last two chapters, Chapter XX about Scott, and Chapter XXI about (of all things) Mormonism, are sheer virtuoso-pieces ; at this stage there is only a perfunctory pretence of proving anything at all.

Perhaps the whole thing is an enormous leg-pull. It wouldn't matter if it were. It is absorbing, absurd, quite out of the common run. I enjoyed it enormously. The convention demands, however, a bibliography, or at any rate references in footnotes.

DONALD DAVIE



TOM DRIBERG's
DIARY

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS covers 18 recent months in his full and varied life. It includes character studies of such friends as Aneurin Bevan, Earl Mountbatten, the late Constant Lambert ; Driberg's trip to Africa ; an analysis of an M.P.'s work ; studio descriptions of *In the News*, *Any Questions ?* and *Argument* (remember him sparring with Randolph Churchill ?) ; and a sparkling commentary on a hundred-and-one public and private occasions. Supremely readable, and with a seasoning of photographs, THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS is in the shops at 15*s*,

Phoenix

Phoenix House Ltd., Charing Cross, London

COLETTE

Madame Colette : A Provincial in Paris. By MARGARET CROSLAND. *Peter Owen.* 15*s.*

At no time during her eighty years has Colette's name been so much before the English public as it is today. The sensation provoked by the Claudine books in Paris at the turn of the century, and by *Chéri* in the Thirties, aroused hardly a murmur in London. But the launching, some three years ago, of a new series of translations of her works has now made the name of this most French of writers enough of a household word here to embolden even the popular press to treat her eightieth birthday this winter as news. So it was a good idea to bring out at this moment a biography, destined mainly for readers with little knowledge of French. It was also, on the whole, not a difficult idea to carry out, since for one thing self-revelation, direct and indirect, has been the theme of the majority of Colette's books, and for another the main autobiographical passages of these books have already been assembled and published, with a long prefatory essay, by Germaine Beaumont in a useful compilation modestly entitled *Colette Par Elle-Même.*

Miss Crosland refers only once to this book but her own volume does in fact consist, to a large extent, of a translation of these same passages, with a connecting narrative and commentary. Unfortunately, the translations are not always happy : Marguerite Moreno is made to remind Colette of a time when she was living in "an almost old house," while Gide writes to her of *Chéri :* "it was only up to you, it seems, to take the book higher." Apart from translations the English—and the sense—is often odd : "Willy, as one might say now, had got in the ground floor with the early Wagnerians." Willy too "as music critic, writer and reviewer, had got *blasé* about women." Trite phrases abound : "In France there is only Paris. Anyone who is not there is merely in the provinces." There are some peculiar reflections : "There is still an amateurish air about a great number of English books . . . It is bound to happen in a country where serious attention is given to cricket." And finally there is far too much unprofitable speculation ; for example, referring to Colette's Burgundian accent on the air, Miss Crosland writes : "She may have tried to lose it, she may barely have realised it existed, or she may have realised it only too well."

Yet in spite of her limitations it is clear that Miss Crosland has closely studied Colette's work ; in attempting to analyse her art and situate her in French literature, she often says perceptive things. Speaking of the *Dialogues de Bêtes*, for instance, she remarks : "The highest praise that can be given to Colette's writing about animals is the fact that the animal-lovers do not particularly care for it." She notes how her writing has gradually "got clearer and plainer, as though it passed continually through sieves of increasing fineness." Colette, she sees, has much more in common with the writers of the seventeenth century than with, say, George Sand, whom at first blush she might seem to resemble.

She also gives us an authentic portrait of Colette the woman. She writes understandingly, but refreshingly this side idolatry, of Colette's emotional life, her attitude to her writing, and of the motives which led her at different times to abandon it and become, instead, mime, dancer, actress or even, briefly, to run a beauty parlour—a venture which greatly surprised her friends but which Miss Crosland finds reasonable as giving scope to so many sides of her nature : her genuine liking for women, her knowledge, inherited from Sido, of the herbs and plants from which she made her preparations, the theatrical aspect of make-up, and the feeling that a writer who does nothing else becomes uninteresting and sterile.

All in all, then, it seems not unlikely that this biography will please a large number of readers, though not, perhaps, the readers of what Miss Crosland describes as "those weekly papers which are read only by intellectual snobs."

ENID MCLEOD

A DISTURBING DON

John Wycliffe and the Beginnings of English Nonconformity. By K. B. MCFARLANE. *English Universities Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

That a Master of Balliol should show a pronounced bias towards Socialism, exhibit an interest in atomic theory, come close to the opinion that wars are the result of capitalism, and write unorthodox works on the relations of Church and State, can cause little surprise. It is more startling to learn from serious historians that this is a description not of any twentieth-century figure but of John Wycliffe, who died in 1384. Wycliffe, indeed, has brought out the worst in historians. The paucity of evidence for his life has led them to invoke the disastrous principle that "it is better to make mistakes than to leave complete blanks," and whole chapters in his life have been plumped out with guesswork or irrelevant description. Again, the evidence allows much enjoyable exercise of the higher criticism. Much can be done to support any particular reconstruction of Wycliffe's academic career by arguing that recalcitrant evidence relates to another man of the same name. There has been the obvious interference of *odium theologicum* and, less obviously, of the nationalist passions of central Europe; for German scholars have been concerned to humble Czech pride by arguing that Hus was merely a slavish imitator of the great Anglo-Saxon reformer. Even college feelings are involved, for three Oxford colleges have an interest in claiming or repudiating Wycliffe as a member, while a fourth was founded to combat the influence of Wycliffe's teaching. Late in the nineteenth century an Oxford professor rejoiced in the foundation of a private theological hall bearing Wycliffe's name and lamented

PURSUIT OF PROGRESS

A critical analysis of the achievement and prospect of the Labour Party.

Roy Jenkins, M.P.

Telegraph:

"In some ways the most remarkable book that has come out of the Labour movement for a very long time."

Times Literary Supplement:

"Mr. Jenkins has written a valuable thought-provoking and reflective book which should stir the Labour movement not merely to announce a programme but to re-avow a philosophy."

The Birmingham Post:

"... a highly gifted young man who is able not only to think clearly and deeply but to express himself with forcefulness and lucidity."

10s. 6d.

THE GROVES OF ACADEME

Mary McCarthy

Margharita Laski, Observer:

"satiric writing of the first order . . an ending as satisfying as it is superb."

News Chronicle:

"lucidly subtle."

Punch:

"sparkling entertainment."

John Lehmann, The Listener:

"penetrating comment on the problem of academic freedom today."

Times Literary Supplement:

"witty, ironic, and acute."

Book Society Recommendation

12s. 6d

HEINEMANN

Just Published

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION 1917-1923

Volume III

Soviet Russia and the World

E. H. Carr

This volume completes the first part of E. H. Carr's comprehensive history of Soviet Russia. Following the treatment of internal political and economic questions in the two preceding volumes, it covers the foreign relations of Soviet Russia for the same period, and deals in detail with the activities of the Communist International as well as those of the Soviet Government. It includes a bibliography and Index for all three volumes. 42s.

MACMILLAN

Constable

WHAT ARE RUSSIA'S INTENTIONS?

In his book *The Communist Conspiracy* (completed in December and published on April 20th) **Commander Stephen King-Hall** predicts with extraordinary accuracy (see pages 196-198) the changes in Russian policy which began to become apparent in March 1953.

What does this Russian move mean? Is it good or bad news? The answer is given in this amazingly topical book which, largely compiled from Russian sources and fully documented, is indispensable to any citizen who wishes to know what this Russian move portends and why it has been made.

The Communist Conspiracy

STEPHEN KING-HALL

15s.

The German General Staff

DR. WALTER GÖRLITZ

"I can recommend it warmly to intelligent people who take an interest in the great problems dealt with in its pages."—**Capt. Cyril Falls.**

"Much valuable and interesting matter is given as regards the Second World War."—**Lt.-General Sir Giffard Martel.**

500 *pp.* *Illus.* 30s.

The Hoover Memoirs

VOL. II—THE CABINET AND PRESIDENCY

"The most illuminating book on America that I have read for the last five years."—**Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot,** in *Time and Tide.* "Of real historical interest."—*Times Lit. Supplement.* *Illus.* 30s.

The European Mind

PAUL HAZARD

"An exciting, widely-informative, and deeply instructive study on the ferment of new notions and ideas that swept over Europe at the turn of the 17th to the 18th century . . . . Full of good things."—**Michael de la Bedoyere.** 35s.

Safety Last

LT.-COL. W. F. STIRLING, D.S.O.

"The fascinating story of one of the most extraordinary careers and vital characters of our time. . . . A new Elizabethan."—**Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart.** With a Foreword by **Siegfried Sassoon. A BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION.** *Illus.* 18s.

Honourable Company

M. BELLASIS

"The reader will find much of human interest and achievement here . . . . Most useful for its record of devoted service to India between Plassey and the Mutiny."—*Times Lit. Supplement.* 21s.

Farewell, Catullus

PIERSON DIXON

A novel remarkable for its brilliant new interpretation of the poet's life and times, as well as for its vivid reconstruction of the classical Roman scene. 12s. 6d.

A Singing Reel

MORAY McLAREN

"It will enchant all fishermen who can find in other fishermen's enthusiasms a reflection of their own."—*The Observer.* Illustrated by A. R. Sturrock, R.S.A. 16s.

HOLLIS & CARTER
25 Ashley Place, London, S.W.1

the refusal of the University Press to publish the great man's works.

On his first page Mr. McFarlane austerely reminds his readers that medieval history depends on the sources and that the patchy character of those for his subject makes it unlikely that it will ever be possible to write a real life of Wycliffe. Accordingly, his first task has been to remove what he calls "a great deal of ignorant repainting and several layers of rich brown protestant varnish." This sounds depressingly negative, particularly since we are warned in advance that the original is likely to be disappointing. But Mr. McFarlane's careful search for probabilities is more invigorating than other biographers' confident assertions of historical and theological truths. Moreover, if Wycliffe is reduced from an heroic to a puzzling figure, his interest and importance are heightened by Mr. McFarlane's concern to understand and to measure the force of the impact which Wycliffe and his disciples made on contemporary society and government. Certainly the central figure in the cleaned and restored painting looks unattractive enough. The ablest Oxford philosopher of his generation, Wycliffe was drawn into politics when in his early forties to serve a coalition temporarily in need of arguments to justify spoliation of the higher clergy and resistance to the fiscal demands of the Pope. In politics he showed himself "little better than a child," and his conduct was often unedifying as well as inexpedient. When his opponents recovered the initiative and Wycliffe was required to recant his inconvenient opinions, he refused and instead went on to attack the doctrines as well as the government of the church in increasingly intemperate language. Mr. McFarlane will not allow that Wycliffe made this decisive challenge and formulated his own "grisly creed" because he was following the logic of his arguments or because of moral indignation at practical abuses, or because of any sudden religious experience; instead he suggests the motives of disappointed ambition, intellectual vanity and the possible physical cause of the high blood-pressure which finally killed Wycliffe. Even Wycliffe's contribution to the Lollard movement is reduced: there is no evidence for his organisation or despatch of the "Poor Priests," and nothing to show that he took any direct part in translating the Bible. All he achieved was to discredit even moderate reform and to set his followers "on the road that could only lead them to death or to an humiliating submission."

This account of a doctrinaire intellectual in politics will, and is meant to, flutter many academic and sectarian dovecots. Perhaps it does not allow enough for Wycliffe's peculiar intellectual quality and temperament. He was supremely well equipped for intellectual controversy and had an incurable taste for polemical writing. One reason for the fact that he moved so far beyond the ordinary limits of discussion seems to be that he could seldom resist the temptation to outflank his opponent's position. And Gaunt's continued protection allowed Wycliffe to make his moves without running the risks to which his followers were exposed. But if we still have to wait for a satisfactory account of Wycliffe's intellectual manoeuvres Mr. McFarlane has given us a brilliantly successful account of the structure and personalities of politics. And in his fascinating account of the Lollard movement, Mr. McFarlane is able to use much new information to light up the queer underworld and backwaters where the elaborate scholastic thought of Wycliffe flowered in such surprising and exotic forms as the fantastic *coup d'état* planned by Oldcastle and the butcher who held that there was no God save the sun and moon. Mr. Rowse is to be congratulated on securing this contribution to his *Teach Yourself History* series. It is distinguished by the vigorous realism of its interpretation and by the sustained pungency of its writing.

J. O. PRESTWICH

REX WARNER

his new novel

Escapade

an entertainment

10s

★

JOCELYN BROOKE

his new novel

The Passing of a Hero

8s 6d

THE BODLEY HEAD

SCIENCE IN CUNEIFORM

A History of Science: Ancient Science Through the Golden Age of Greece. By GEORGE SARTON. *Oxford.* 63*s.*

The scientist and the humanist live in two worlds, almost as completely separate in ideas as Disraeli's in their human contacts. This is deplorable and may do our civilisation much harm. One suggested remedy is a study of the history of science. I believe it to be a far better remedy for the scientist than for the humanist, for to understand, even imperfectly, the history of a branch of science one must know that science pretty well. One needs to understand the history of one discovery in relation to future discoveries that were yet unmade and which may well deal with advanced parts of the subject. Scientific discoveries are most commonly made by a devious and difficult route. It is not until a subject has been understood for some time that it is possible to explain it clearly. Accordingly, there are few humanists who know enough science to appreciate its history, nor can they expect to learn a science easily by reading the history. To scientists, on the other hand, the study of the history is a fascinating and humanising experience. The mistakes of the past and its oddities seem so peculiar, and yet one realises that future ages will find the same qualities in our own work. The occasions on which men's scientific and philosophical thought has been affected by their emotions are both disquieting and heartening. Disquieting because one realises that one's own thought is prejudiced in the same way, and heartening because it is clear that even a considerable degree of prejudice does not prevent—though it may hinder—a man from making valuable discoveries.

This volume, by a successful teacher of the history of science at Harvard, is the first instalment of a complete book. It only goes up to the end of the Hellenic period and stops short before such great figures as Archimedes and Euclid. It is a fascinating work and before one has read many pages one is amazed at the erudition and the humanity of the writer. He gives a wide and generous interpretation of science and includes philosophy, much of history and exploration as well as medicine and the practical arts. Nor does he even exclude the superstitions of the ages, rightly considering them an important part of the background against which scientific discoveries must be reviewed. Among the numerous illustrations are reproductions of the *editio princeps* of a large number of the most important works on the subject. It is a book both to read and to browse in for the odd facts it contains. How many people know that the words *crocus* and *chicory* can be read in the Cuneiform?

The author does not attempt to hide his opinions which not all will share, but he does try to be fair to his opponents. He seems to me just in his assessment of the relative importance of the Greek and pre-Greek contributions and shows the importance of the latter, especially in mathematics. He takes sides hotly betwen Plato and Aristotle. Probably the great majority of scientists feel far nearer in thought to the latter, especially the biologists; but to most physicists Plato is just fanciful and Aristotle just wrong. If I may be critical I would say that Sarton hardly gives credit enough to the atomists. It may just have been pure luck that they hit on something so extraordinarily near the truth, but one cannot help feeling that perhaps the evidence in favour of this general view, from phenomena that are accessible to everybody, is stronger than one might have expected. The change from a philosophy of determinism to something uncannily like Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy, which seems to have occurred sometime between Democritus and Lucretius, must, I suppose, have been just a lucky shot; but can one be quite sure of the boundary between luck and genius? G. P. THOMSON

THE LAST PHASE

In My Solitary Life. By AUGUSTUS HARE. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*

This book concludes Augustus Hare's six-volume *Story of My Life*, in Mr. Barnes's two-volume abridgement. It is safe to say that all who read Part I—*The Years With Mother*—will have it vividly in mind. And I nearly said, others should go back and begin with it. Only on second thoughts, I am not sure; if they began at the wrong end, Part II would be unclouded by comparison—and Part I would be all before them.

Here we have certainly a falling-off: although not properly a disappointment, for one could see it coming. In fact, it was already under way. After the first fine rapture of incredibility, even *The Years With Mother* gradually declined into a tamer and more level course. Chiefly, this was because Augustus had grown up, and started "living to himself." His earliest ties had been so floridly oppressive that he took care not to replace them. No doubt he was much happier at large; but as a spectacle, those years of anguish and constriction, the fantastic Hares and their fantastic satellites and hangers-on, far outdo anything he can produce as a free agent. "Mother," that angel-tyrant, was the last to go, and to the very last she is superlative. Here, on Page One, we find Augustus toiling at the memoir of her "quiet life"—using materials she had herself arranged, "in loving forethought for the first months of my solitude." And after that, he was expected to sit down and die.

> My Mother had long thought, and latterly often said, that it was impossible I could long survive her: that when two lives were so closely entwined as ours, one could not go on alone. It was partly owing to [this] strong impression on her mind . . . that my Mother had failed to make the usual arrangements for my future provision. . . .

How it all comes back! But these few words are an expiring echo, and there is nothing afterwards on the same plane. Needless to say, he did "go on alone"; he went on for another thirty years, living more freely to himself, jaunting round more of Europe, writing more guide-books and "memorials," turning up more and more assiduously at the country seats of an extending circle of grandees, and (doubtless) telling more and more

of his uncanny tales. But it is getting later all the time; the rich, rank twilight of the past is giving place to modern daylight, and an effect of old ladies at tea. I think this march of time (deeply lamented by Augustus) may be one reason why the stories have a flatter quality. Another reason is habituation. We have supped full with the bizarre, till eccentricities on the most lordly scale cannot once start us; while as for ghosts, they have become as unremarkable as earwigs. I don't mean that all glory has departed. It is a grand farrago even yet—but the temptation to anthologise at length, and pester everyone with reading titbits, is, alas, no more. And then besides, though the "true" stories need not be swallowed whole—that would be too much of an exercise—they should at least not give themselves away. Here, many are obnoxious to contradiction. There are the Swedish legends, for example; because Augustus had been cicerone to the Crown Prince (afterwards Gustav V) on his Italian travels, he embraced Sweden in his purview. About its past he is nonsensical; about its Heir Apparent he is suddenly discreet. Of course, he had no choice; but the provoking dullness of the episode ought to remind us to be thankful that the Hares were dead.

K. JOHN

NEW NOVELS

The Philanderer. By STANLEY KAUFFMANN. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
The Sinner of Saint Ambrose. By ROBERT RAYNOLDS. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*
The Hills Were Joyful Together. By ROGER MAIS. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Philanderer and *The Sinner of Saint Ambrose*, novels from America, are interesting, intelligent and praiseworthy works. Both deal with serious subjects in such a way as to suggest that the authors have put into them all the talent and ability they have; so that, whatever the limitations of these novels may be, they strike one as being particularly honest. Mr. Kauffmann's is the study of an addict: Russell Conrad is a womaniser in the way that other men are alcoholics or drug-fiends. Women are his secret vice, indeed his secret sin; secret because Conrad is happily married to a woman whom he loves and who loves him, and at any moment, he knows, the happiness and the marriage may be shattered. If reason or his better nature could have saved him, he would have been saved long before the novel begins. When we first meet him, he is winding up, in a state of nausea, an affair with a blonde; half-way through the book he is seducing the wife of his immediate boss, a woman who is a friend of his wife's; to escape the consequences of that he chucks his job in New York for one in Washington, and on his first day there he is already involved with a woman colleague. He is in sight, as he has been all his life,

> of the end of everything . . . ruin certain and irrevocable two months, six months, three years from now, as he got into the car (*knowing* all of this deep down, dark and cruelly patient beneath the self-persuasion and surface actions, yet unable to stop) and nodded at this particular woman and said "O.K., everything settled," and the car moved forward bearing him still further along toward the finish.

What is interesting in this novel is the rendering of the moral struggle. Conrad is a "case," and might have been treated solely in case-book terms. But, a man of intelligence and sensitivity and with the passionate interest in morals that only the self-conscious sinner can have, he realises that the psychological causes of his addiction do not in fact explain it; the problem remains obstinately at the moral level, even though, in the course of Conrad's rigorous self-analysis, we get as devastating a criticism as any I've read of the consequences of the tradition of American adolescent competition in sexual experience that we have already had described for us by Dr. Margaret Mead and Mr. Gorer. The novel is admirably rooted in its background: Conrad lives in the horrifying milieu of the public relations department of a New York magazine syndicate.

The Philanderer is admirably written and constructed, and it is refreshing to see the influence of *Ulysses* being used with tact and common sense. The weakness of the novel lies not in its action or its characters but, I suspect, in the author's own inadequate attitude towards sex. Sex: the word itself is a giveaway: portentous, vague, it points to muddled values, and fundamental to this novel is the notion that the sexual act is something to do with hygiene, like keeping the bowels open, something, in fact, in the words of the old slogan, "worth a guinea a box" and to be taken three times a day after meals or as the physician prescribes. If this is so, what is the fuss about? That indeed is part of Russell Conrad's problem. All the same, in spite of the muddle at the bottom, this is a distinguished novel, and Lawrence would have used it as the text for a powerful sermon.

It is evidence of Mr. Raynolds's achievement in *The Sinner of Saint Ambrose* that, without the enormous creative energy of the one or the ethical and aesthetic fastidiousness of the other, he can remind us both of the Robert Graves of the Claudius novels and the L. H. Myers of *The Root and the Flower*; and he is not entirely overwhelmed by the comparisons. His theme is the pursuit of the good life in a bad world, the setting of his action the Roman Empire after Theodosius, with whose death "the genius of Rome expired."

Mr. Raynolds's hero, Gregory Julian, is a good pagan who tries to become a good Christian. He tells his own story as an old man at the point of death. He has been active in the state as the lieutenant of Stilicho, the last of the Roman generals; he has almost been emperor himself; he has been won by Ambrose and appalled by Augustine; in the end, having been a bishop in Spain, he retires to Britain with Pelagius. Does he convince as a Roman of his times? I think not. He's read his Freud and knows his Jung, in other words, he's a good American liberal at the court of the Emperor Honorius and the camp of Alaric. As a novel, *The Sinner of Saint Ambrose* is too long, I would think, by a quarter, but it is a very vivid recreation of its period, and all the time there is the central interest of the delineation of the man of affairs, the active politician, seeking the good life and a living relation with God. Like Mr. Kauffmann, Mr. Raynolds doesn't claim too much; he makes no attempt to persuade us of truths he has not reached. I found in this novel, apart from the fascination of its setting, a quality of candour which is very pleasing.

The Hills Were Joyful Together is a first novel from Jamaica. It sets out, as so many first novels have done, to show the life of a single small street or tenement house, and there it succeeds very well: Mr. Mais's corner of a Kingston slum is described vigorously and with an objective affection. But when Mr. Mais takes his most attractive character, the racing tipster Surjue, to prison, he is really writing a different novel, a propaganda work exposing the conditions in Jamaican prisons. This too is well done, but the two parts of the novel do not fuse into a whole. Nevertheless, one will be glad to read more of Mr. Mais, for in addition to his skill in rendering colour and violence he has a feeling for human dignity.

WALTER ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Real Mackay. *News Chronicle.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Of professional writers it is true to say, more often than not, that the books were better than the men. With Ian Mackay, whose essays and diary jottings delighted many thousands of *News Chronicle* readers during the fourteen years that preceded his untimely death last autumn, the case was the reverse: what gave his journalism quality was that into his writing he projected something of the personality which endeared Mackay to all who knew him. The secret of the popularity of his column is not difficult to

DAILY SKETCH BOOK FIND

Silence for His Worship
BERNARD ASH

'A warmth of feeling and depth of understanding of human character combine to make it one of the most appealing novels I have read this year. We shall be hearing more of Mr. Ash—we need more new authors of his quality'—*Daily Sketch*
JUST OUT *Reprinting* 12*s* 6*d net*

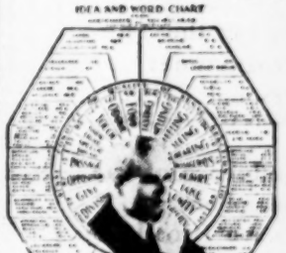
ARTHRITIS
and the Rheumatic Diseases
'DR. PHILIP LEWIN discusses their nature, symptoms and treatment, and by his frankness and considered optimism gives the patient a measure of much-needed hope of equanimity. The book is a welcome contrast to the disdainful silences of some doctors.'
—*The Observer* JUST OUT 10*s* 6*d net*

The Blood-Red Island
RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

During his wartime stay on Madagascar the author enjoyed himself hugely on a diet of dramatic adventure and ludicrous incident. His narrative is as vivid and exciting as the story he has to tell. APRIL 27 12*s* 6*d net*

STAPLES

GREATEST INVENTION
SINCE THE ALPHABET



Gives the RIGHT word at a glance

Every man or woman, who uses words, will find this Idea and Word Chart a priceless boon. It's a godsend to all. It gives the word you want when you want it. It provides brilliant word-power.

Gilbert Frankeau, the Famous Author, said: "... the best adjunct that I have so far discovered—it is not going to leave my desk."

Send TO-DAY for a FREE specimen of the Idea and Word Chart embodied in a descriptive brochure. Enclose 2½d. stamp for postage

PSYCHOLOGY PUBLISHING CO., LTD.
(Dept. NSN/HV 37) MARPLE, CHESHIRE.

Your Pen can Pay for your Holiday

—this year and all the years to come, for if you can write you can always make money. The LSJ can show the way by personal correspondence training. Papers are getting bigger and opportunities are greater. For 35 years we have helped writers all over the world to make money from articles and stories. Why not you?

Write for advice to: **Prospectus Office,**
London School of Journalism,
57 Gordon Square, W.C.1. (MUS. 4574)
"There are LSJ students all over the world."

In the

Spring Number of

THE

BBC

QUARTERLY

The Future of Television: As a Critic Sees It
MAURICE WIGGIN

Broadcasting and the Visual Arts
R. FURNEAUX JORDAN

'Historical Features' Today
CHRISTOPHER SYKES

The Unscripted Discussion
NIGEL BALCHIN

On Leaving the Third Programme: Some Personal Reflections
HARMAN GRISEWOOD

The Influence of the Ionosphere on Medium-wave Broadcasting
G. J. PHILLIPS

Educational Broadcasting in the United States
SEYMOUR N. SIEGEL

Three Years of Television in the Midlands
JOHN DUNKERLEY
(Controller BBC Midland Region)

NOW ON SALE.
PRICE 2/6

Obtainable at bookstalls
and newsagents, or post free from
BBC PUBLICATIONS
35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1
Yearly subscription 10/-

discern from the selection now reprinted, with illustrations by Vicky. Drawing on a memory well-stocked by catholic reading and acquaintance with a host of notabilities ranging from music-hall artists to Cabinet Ministers, Mackay chatted agreeably, his paragraphs spiced with a nicely-judged flavour of allusions which were never too erudite and with learning always well within the grasp of the ordinary man.

From it all there emerges the oddly vivid character of the writer—his unflagging gusto, his abounding curiosity for oddities in men and places, his tireless appetite for fantasy. Great talker, best of tavern companions, one of the warmest-hearted men who ever fooled his way through life and letters, Mackay had always something in him of *celui qui reçoit les gifles*. He would write disarmingly of his own discomfiture—of the quack dentist whom, in boyhood, he assisted at fairs, to the ruin of his own teeth; of his dentures inadvertently left in Lord Beaverbrook's tumbler in the Glasgow train—and it was characteristic of him that he should have chosen as his first wife the Woman who was Sawn in Two. From his mock majestic conclusion that he could see no "point in being a camel" to the Scots-baronial style in which his commentaries on mice and men were written, he was always essentially the clown who was never boring, never (in public) glum.

New Russian Stories. Selected and Translated by BERNARD GUERNEY. *Peter Owen.* 15*s.*

The stories in this selection can hardly be called quite new, since Gorki and Sobol and Yushkevich are among the writers included, and Zoshchenko's contribution is that old favourite *The Sleuth Hound*, done afresh into horrid American. New to some readers, the editor may have meant; but this would cover a lot of ancient books, including perhaps the Bible. It cannot be said that Mr. Guerney shines as a translator: to convey the satire of stories like *Second Lieutenant Likewise* and *The Studio of Love-Your-Fellow-Man* needs a deft and lively touch that he nowhere displays. Indeed the heaviness of his style and his uncertainty in dialogue suggest that American is not his native language. Gorki's *On the Way* is a good opulent slice of peasant life, and Irina Aleksander's *The Landrath* a diverting if conventional portrait of the German as seen through Russian eyes. The humour of Yakovlev's *Wizard* may well prove a little strong for Western stomachs and Fraerman's *The Expedition* might have come from one of the edifying and patriotic adventure stories of our youth, the power of the Soviets being substituted for that of the British Raj. It is a book to be recommended chiefly to incorrigible Russophiles. The editor supplies no introduction, and his biographical notes on the authors have an irritatingly pompous flavour.

An Introduction to Eighteenth-Century Drama, 1700-1780. By FREDERICK S. BOAS. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

Like bad money, bad plays drive out good. This turns out to be the disadvantage in Professor Boas's method, for he has taken twenty-six playwrights from his chosen period and by giving detailed summaries of their plays, some 150 in all, he has written what amounts to a bill of mortality. Farquhar begins the period, Sheridan ends it, Cibber, Fielding, Gay, Lillo, Colman and Goldsmith bulk it out. There are a round dozen lively plays to consider, some of them very lively indeed, but here they are smothered in the intolerable weight of the hundred flops. Professor Boas says he kept an eye open for plays worth reviving. He doesn't seem to have found one, outside our dozen classics, though his quotations rouse an appetite for a couple of forgotten Fieldings which sound as if they are good reading though probably not stageworthy.

Twelve live plays in eighty years, perhaps, is not such a bad score, and certainly the next eighty years—1780 to 1860—would do worse. In production and acting it was a time of change and richness, though we miss this feeling in Professor Boas's catalogue of dramatists. Dead plays are so very dead! But the researcher has earned our gratitude. In this great heap of printed plays there might well have been a nugget. Somebody had to read them again to make sure there isn't.

The Navy in the War of William III. By JOHN EHRMAN. *Cambridge.* 63*s.*

It is Mr. Ehrman's thesis that, at least in the period with which he is concerned in this volume, naval history is national history, and particularly in his chapters on material and supply, shipyards and dockyards, victualling and administration, this is borne out. All these chapters are of great interest, not only to the naval but to the economic historian, and even to the general reader. This interest is achieved partly by, so to speak, making naval history of national history; thus Mr. Ehrman's disquisition, in Chapter XIV, on the currency crisis of 1694-7, interesting as it is, is longer than is necessary to make clear what he wants to make clear about the Navy. The result is a book as formidable in length as it is in learning, and one which might seem to do more than justice to its subject. From this charge its incisive writing and largeness of conception save it. Altogether it is a work of broad and thoroughly professional scholarship in a field too often left to the merely expert, and a distinguished contribution to the history of the Navy.

Struggle for Africa. By VERNON BARTLETT. *Muller.* 15*s.*

Amiable, amusing, easy to read, Mr. Bartlett conducts us round Africa in 250 pages. He starts with the Union, glances at Mozambique and Angola, sojourns in the Congo, looks at Nigeria and the Gold Coast, Liberia, the Arab lands, Kenya—practically everywhere, in short, south of the Sahara. Nobody will want to criticise him for having failed to give more than a sketchy picture of these African lands, for it is clear that he has attempted nothing else: with the skill and insight that he has, he would surely have done better to limit himself to a third or a quarter of the area he has attempted to describe. Yet there are several ways in which Mr. Bartlett has not failed, for he manages to show that the root problems of all these territories amount to the same thing—to the challenge of "primitive peoples" who "are making an amazing effort to leap across the centuries." He never forgets that the diversities of Africa do not destroy its essential unity. He understands the need for change; and is ready to look sympathetically for the signs of it.

Even so, the book is unnecessarily marred by a desire to be "fair to everybody." The "white settlers of Kenya," we learn, "deserve kinder things than are generally said about them." Holding this view, Mr. Bartlett fails to show us just why Mau Mau and its kind should have arisen among peoples not generally given to homicide. The chapter on the Congo suggests that Mr. Bartlett has forgotten his Morel: the reason why the savageries of "red rubber" were more discussed in Europe than other forms of forced labour in Africa was not because the Congo was a "Free State," but because its laws were uniquely harsh upon the native. The chapters on the Union give us no clear analysis of the United Party, although Mr. Bartlett shows he is far too intelligent to be taken in by the United Party's opinion of itself. And if Mr. Bartlett will consult *The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg* he will see that the British Government *did* manage, in the event, to get its hands on a sizable holding in Congo uranium, but was obliged to sell out to the Americans as a condition of Marshall Aid. This is the "struggle for Africa" with the gloves on—kid gloves; but Mr. Bartlett, an impeccably honest man, has the virtue of not pretending that it is anything else.

Historical Metrology. By A. E. BERRIMAN. *Dent.* 16*s.*

Weights and measures are, when all is said and done, the basis of exact science and their history has a fascination of its own. Mr. Berriman has collected a surprising variety of detailed facts about them and produced a well illustrated book, which, though easier to dip into than to read through, can provide hours of amusing study. To enjoy his book it is not necessary to take very seriously certain numerical coincidences which exist between some ancient and modern measures and the dimensions of the earth, though some of the coincidences which Mr. Berriman finds between various ancient measures may have a

really historical basis. He has certainly covered the ground so carefully that his book will be of great value to any who wish to study the measures of antiquity.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,209

Set by John Pomfret

The usual prizes are offered for a letter from a firm of publishers turning down the manuscript of any one of the following: *Paradise Lost, Locksley Hall, Ulysses, The Ambassadors, War and Peace, La Recherche du Temps Perdu*, or *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. Limit 200 words. Entries by May 5.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,206

Set by R. K. Buchanan

The Assistant Postmaster General recently stated in the Commons that there had been a general wage-freeze in the maintenance allowance for Post Office cats since July, 1918: and that "these servants of the state are frequently unreliable, capricious in their duties and liable to prolonged absenteeism." Competitors are invited to send the comment of any Literary Cat (e.g., Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit, Hodge, Foss, Macavity, Orlando, Jeoffry).

Report by R. K. Buchanan

Individualists to a puss, the cats of Britain countered the libels of the Assistant P.M.G. with indifference, irony, injured innocence, malice, threat, or simple pathos: "Nine lives cannot be supported as cheaply as one." Gerald Priestland's Tobermory was icily aloof:

> No cat is ever *employed*, though some may, for reasons beyond their control, be obliged to reside at places of employment. The idea of regular work in return for due meat and drink is as far from their minds as it must be from those of the guests Lady Blemley has invited for next week's houseparty . . .

though in Rhoda Tuck Pook's, he threatened defiance by blackmail:

> As I am the grey Manx operative in your own office, I can obtain witnesses when informing the Postmaster General of your remarks (overheard by me) upon his mentality, motives and ability . . .

The Cheshire Cat pointed out that all postmen were mad, for "as soon as they take up a post, they're given the sack" (Elaine Morgan). Hodge made the Minister look squarely at the facts of cat-nature:

> Cats were never made for cloisters,
> born to roam and love and fight:
> Dr. Johnson buys me oysters:
> you would lock me up at night
> (Charles Race)

Direct action was threatened, not just by the notorious Macavity—

> He'll find his parcels, registered too,
> Capriciously opened and covered with glue;
> The personal letter to Eisenhower
> Will go to some *eastern* Foreign Power;
> All those pink slips of long ago
> Will be delivered to Terrible Joe . . .

but also by that model citizen and parent, Orlando. Grace is going to deposit a live rat on the Table of the House!

First prize of a Two-Guinea Fish Token to the Rev. J. P. Stevenson's Gumbie Cat; one guinea each to R. J. Lawrence's Hodge, Allan M. Laing's Mehitabel, and P. M.'s Cat that Walked by Himself.

THE GUMBIE CAT

If Junior Ministers abuse the privileges of the House
By libelling at Question Time man's ancient bulwark 'gainst the mouse,
What of it? I'm a social worker, friend of Mr. Eliot's,
A delegate of ROGFU*—and my name is JENNY-ANYDOTS
I know my people, and I know their public spirit will not lack;
They'll start a movement to protest against this cowardly attack.
(And anyway I can't that believe Mr. Butler really grudges
A rise in pay *puisne* compared with what they want to give the judges.)
But though I can pun, and organise fun
For cockroach and beetle when *your* day is done;
Though my Young Mouse's Club, on their oboes and 'cellos,
Are learning to render—the excellent fellows—
Mozartian airs and Pucciniesque trifles,
They could equally easily fiddle with riffas.
Let Gammans, then, look to his p's and his q's—
Or, as cultured cats put it, his ψ's and his μ's.

J. P. STEVENSON

* *Rodent Operatives and General Feline Union.*

HODGE

Where Thou, SIR ROWLAND, first with bounteous Hand
Did cause to rear fair Office through the Land
That Stamp on Parcel might be justly set,
License be purchas'd, and Acquaintance met,
Dire PARSIMONY rules with Visage pale
And prostrates humble Guardians of the Mail.
For where the Catty Tribe extends a Paw
Scarce Mouse that hopes to 'scape th' avenging Claw
And hence resides elsewhere. But if a Dish
Price-froze, diminish'd, of some paltry Fish
Alone supports the Hunter, then in Truth
Defenceless Postcards lure the nibbling Tooth,
Unwanted Squeaks assault the Sorter's Ear
And what were Mail-bags, Nurseries appear.
Cut heaped on Cut, nor Paper saves nor Inks
The Rodents gather as the Ration sinks.

RAYMOND JOHN LAWRENCE

MEHITABEL

archy the cockroach writes
my friend mehitabel
asks me to say
that those limey post office cats
are just acting
like good trades unionists,
hells bells she says who wouldn't be
unreliable capricious and play hookey
without a raise since 1918
what with milk twice the price
and catsmeat rationed.
give em more chow
mehitabel says
and they'll act right
till then post office cats unite
you have nothing to lose
but your jobs.

ALLAN M. LAING

THE CAT THAT WALKED BY HIMSELF

I am the Cat—all places are alike to me—castle, cave or cottage
I acknowledge no bonds of duty or affection like the canine besottage
That sells its free birth-right for a mess of pottage.
Moreover, when Man and I first made our bargain
There was none of this civil service jargon,
And I tell you I'd be pretty far gone
Before I cared an iota
For the Postmaster General's meaningless remarks on *absenteeism, maintenance allowances*, and all the rest of the official chipolata of *data, rota* and *quota*.
I ask you frankly—have you ever known us
Official cats get Old Age Pension, or over-time Bonus
Or Compensation when the caretaker's kids stone us?
Well then, please believe
That all this talk about *wage-freezing* finds us colder than raw cod on a marble shelf in the basement on Xmas Eve.
So long—I hear the Tabby next door and I'm giving myself *compassionate leave*.

P. M.

CHESS: Hope Unfulfilled

No. 186

Perhaps the title isn't quite fair; for who would deny the great achievement of Charousek's career even though it lasted a few years only. Yet, it seems a sad thought that he could have given us so much more, had he been spared a little longer; and it seems unbelievable that one who has been a legend in chess history for decades might still live among us, celebrating his 80th birthday this very year. He died

at the age of 26, just before the turn of the century. It seems difficult to avoid clichés such as "sparkling," "brilliant," "scintillating," when thinking of a good many of his games. Here is the final phase of one which is not quite as well known as it ought to be. It was played in 1894, and Charousek had just moved his Q to R5.

(16)	—	B-B4 ch	(25)	R-R4ch	K-Kt4
(17)	K-R2	P-KKt3	(26)	R-Kt4ch	K-R3
(18)	Q-Kt4 ! !	Kt-K6 ?	(27)	Kt-B5 ch!	PxKt
(19)	QxKt	KtxR ch	(28)	B-B4 ch	K-R4
(20)	RxKt	PxQ	(29)	R-Kt5ch	K-R3
(21)	BxKP ch	R-B2	(30)	R-Kt8ch	K-R4
(22)	RxR	Q-K1 !	(31)	P-Kt4ch	PxP
(23)	R-B6 ch	K-Kt2	(32)	BxP ch	K-R5
(24)	R-B4ch	K-R3	(33)	B mates	

Here is a game played at Nuremberg 1896, where he defeated Lasker, and in a King's Gambit too:

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(8)	Kt-B3	P-QB3
(2)	P-KB4	PxP	(9)	B-B4	B-Kt5
(3)	B-B4	P-Q4	(10)	P-Q4	Kt-Q2
(4)	BxP	Q-R5 ch	(11)	K-B2 !	BxKt
(5)	K-B1	P-KKt4	(12)	PxB	O-O-O
(6)	Kt-KB3	Q-R4	(13)	PxP !	QxKtP !
(7)	P-KR4	B-Kt2			

Lasker cannot be tempted by (13) . . . . . BxP ch? (14 QxB !, QxR (15) QBxP !, QxR, (16) Q-Q6 etc.

(14)	Kt-K2	Q-K2	(19)	Q-R4	P-QR3
(15)	P-B3	Kt-K4	(20)	Q-R5	Kt-B1
(16)	Q-R4	KtxB	(21)	Kt-Kt3	Kt-K3
(17)	QxKt	Kt-B3	(22)	Kt-B5	Q-B1 !
(18)	BxP	Kt-Q2	(23)	B-Kt3	R-Q2

Had Lasker on his previous move played his Q to B3 he would have lost it by (23) B-K5, Q-Kt4, (24) P-KB4, Q-Kt5, (25) QR-KKt1. As it happened, Charousek (by means of KtxB, followed by Q-K5, etc.) was quite content to garner yet another P on the K-wing, thereby securing a comfortably if unexcitingly won ending. Against a lesser opponent he would have certainly gone in for a tempestuous attack.

A: Charousek 1896

In this week's competition the 4-pointer for beginners is a game position reached by Charousek (White) against some anonymous duffer. How did he achieve a spectacular mate in three? As for **B** and **C**—both wins for White—neither of these subtle studies would seem to be overrated with 7 points.

B: M. S. Liburkin 1935

C: A. Kovalenko 1947

Usual prizes. Entries by May 4.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set April 4

A: Black still has 8 pawns; hence neither of his rooks can be due to promotion; his QR can't have been developed; hence, one of the rooks is redundant. Remove either and Black is mate.

B: Black's last move was: P (Kt7) x R, and in capturing the White R he promoted the P to R, mating. White's preceding move was K(K1)-B5, but he could have mated Black by B-B4.

C: (1) Kt(6) x P(Kt5), P x Kt. (2) Kt-R6, P x Kt. (3) K-Q4, K-Kt2. (4) Q-Q5 ch, K-B1. (5) P-Kt7 ch, K-B2. (6) K-B5, B-R2.

D: White K at KR3, Black K at Q5, Black pawns at KR5, KB7. (1) K-Kt2, K-K6. (2) K-B1 ! etc.

E: (1) P-B6, P x P. (2) K-B5, B-B1. (3) P-R7, B-Kt2 (4) K-Q6, K-B2 (5) K-B7, B-R1 (6) K-Kt8, etc.

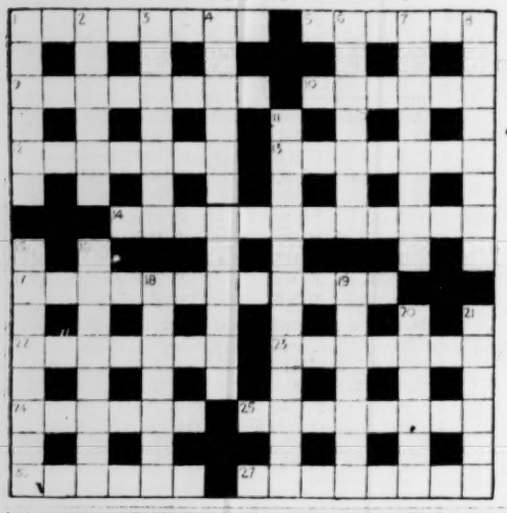
F: (1) P-Q4 ch, K-K3. (2) P-Q5 ch, K-K4. (3) P-Kt6, Kt x P ch. (4) K-B4 !, Kt-Q3. (5) B x Kt ch, K x B. (6) K-Kt5 !, Kt-K2. (7) P-Kt7, K-B2. (8) P-Q6 ch, etc.

Many competitors delighted by the sui-mate (one of them likening it to a Cocteau fantasy); but many stumped by it (or by E and or F); even so, nearly a score of correct solutions. Prizes shared by E. Allan, A. R. Cormack, Leslie Hale, L. J. Jackson, F. R. Oliver, A. Rivlin. *Londoners' 4th majority move* Kt-KB3. *Non-Londoners' 5th due by Apr. 29.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 45

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 45, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, W.C.1, by first post on 5th May.



ACROSS

1. Criminal with a double stigma perhaps (8).
5. For a girl I intercept a final effort to pass back (6).
9. The place to make meat turn (8).
10. Western charity organisation gives place to trade in the East (6).
12. Giant who may be praised (7).
13. Hiker has a walk between rivers (7).
14. Present from an Egyptian to Othello's mother (12).
17. The heavenly body of an actress making a film (8, 4).
22. A number are about the cartoonist or dramatist (7).
23. Cause death and see that the will is carried out (7).
24. Plump, red and German (6).
25. Saves nothing in avoiding payment of taxes (8).
26. May be cock county (6).
27. A companion of *Claribel*, *Stormcock*, and *Golden Gain* (8).

DOWN

1. Happen, although it appears differently in the old writer (6).
2. Showy like a foreign station? (6).
3. Treasure state (7).
4. But balls are usually round (6, 6).
6. A cinema makes a change for the unwell (7).
7. Comedian embracing a parson (8).
8. Broadcasting skill may transport us (8).
11. Revels seen for example in traditional music (12).
15. Brumas is a knight (8).
16. Values of society for a philosopher (8).
18. Beat like Cecil? (7).
19. A musician may be near the heavens (7)
20. — and another is head over heels in love with an understudy (6).
21. Place for the destruction of life in Germany (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 43

Prize-winners:

W. Eite (Carlisle), A. E. Crow (Hampstead), Wilfred M. Brennen (Magherafelt).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. 3 minutes from Earls Court Stn. H. & c., gas fires all rms. 15s. 6d. bed. & bkfast. Under pers. supervsn.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed & breakfast, 15s. daily.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), Wilde Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., 'phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

LARGE Bed-sit., spacious bookcase, share kitchen, frig., and garden. Quiet house near Swiss Cottage. 45s., reduc. if away week-ends. Box 8324 or MAI. 2508.

SHARE of flat for woman and small child. Garden. Mutual baby sitting. Possibly share part-time nurse. Box 8555.

LARGE well furnished bed-sitting room, c.h.w., use kitchen. Suit professional woman. GLA. 5131.

TO Let: Sunny furn. room, sep. kitchen, bath, central heating; suit 1/2 ladies or couple. 'Phone after 7 p.m. GLA. 7563.

CHELSEA. To let, bright furn. room, with small cooker, h. & c. Business woman preferred. 'Phone Flaxman 3681. If no answer, please try again.

A VERY large luxuriously furn. double bed-sitting-room with hot & cold running water, gas fire and ring, 4gns. wkly. Pref. ladies. Apply, mornings only, to Halifax, 89a Alexandra Road, N.W.8. MAI. 3436.

NEAR Lord's. House to let month August. 2 dble., 2 single, 3 recep., small garden. 25gns. Box 8641.

ST. John's Wood. B/sit. rm., pleasant private hse. 2gns. weekly. MAI. 9929.

INTERNATIONAL personality offers bed-sitting room & breakfast in newly modernised Chelsea house. Box 8635.

BED-SIT. rm. Full brd. 2½gns. p.w. Nr. Cent. Line Stn. BUC. 4901 aft. 4.30.

15S. p.w. incl. gas, Small b/sit. W.11, ret. some help with children. Box 8317.

SERVICE rooms. Chelsea. Fully furnished, cen. htg., C.h.w., full breakfast & dinner inc. from 5½gns. per week. FLA. 7755.

LARGE well-appnted. furn. flat in professional (musical) house Wimbledon (20 min. Waterloo). Bedroom, lounge, kit., bath-rm. Suit business couple or two gentlemen. 6gns. 21 Denmark Ave. S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

ADELAIDE Road, N.W.3, s/c flat, 2 large rooms, kitchen, bath, toilet, garden. Fully, comfortably furnished, 'phone, all trimmings. 8gns. p.w. including electricity. Brittan, MAY. 9255 day, HOL. 0618 evening.

ST. John's Wood. Charming large 2-divan room, basin (c.h.w.), cooking facilities. 1gns. weekly. PRImrose 4485.

ST. John's Wood, near bus and Tube: Large two-divan sitting room with kitchen-dining room, c.h.w., £25 for 4 weeks from May 10, afterwards 4½gns. weekly. Telephone: PRImrose 4485.

DIVAN room, priv. flat nr. Hyde Park. Share kit. one. £3 inclusive, bar food. Reduc. absences. Tel. AMB. 1509.

DOUBLE & single divan bed-sitting rooms. Comfortably furnished. Meals by arrangement. Phone PARk 5864.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

WOMAN journalist offers another professional woman share Hampstead flat. Near Tube, Heath. Rent £10 per month. Write Box 8666 or ring VALentine 2038 Sunday next, 7-10 p.m.

NICE divan room in Continental house. Breakfast (dinner, all convens., very moderate terms. GLA. 3254 or Box 8672.

PLEASANT furn. room. Business lady/stud. S. Ken. Tel. 7-9 p.m. FRE. 2881.

YNG. bus./prof. woman offd. divan room in flat of another. Central London. Heat, light, linen, plate inc.; 45s. p.w. Box 8289.

WANTED, business lady or gent for s/c. 2-roomed flat, part-furnished, all conveniences, reas. N.E. London. Box 8568.

DIVAN room suitable single gent. Use of kitchen. CUN. 5194 evenings.

CENTRAL London. Large furnished room, double divan, artistic, suitable couple or friends sharing, to be let from end of May to September. Kitchen, use of bath: phone. View by appointment. Write Box 8284.

HORSTED Keynes, easy access Brighton & London, lovely country; permanent or holiday. All facilities, good bus service, terms moderate. Harrison, School House. Tel. Danehill 205.

CORNWALL. Holiday chalet to let, all electric, 5 minutes beach. Box 8702.

CARAVAN, modern 3-berth with or without car or towed anywhere; available all dates till end Sept. Box 8619.

FOR hire—touring or on site. 4-berth Caravan suitable 12 h.p. car. Bowes, The College, Cheltenham.

CARAVAN, Royal Deeside, nr. Ballater, ideal site, 4-berth, equipped, 4/6gns. Dtls. Scott, 21 Beaconsfield Pl., Aberdeen.

CARAVAN to let. Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Pleasant site adjoining beach, modern Eccles. Sleeps 4, Calor gas. Elsan. Well equipped. Box 8589.

FURN. Welsh Seaside cottage, Sleep 6, all mod. conven., vacant till June 6, June 13-July 25, Aug. 1-15, after Aug. 29, 7/8gns. Also chalet, sleep 2, 3gns., also caravan site. Sewell, Tanybryn, Aberayron, Cardiganshire. 'Phone Aberayron 237.

WELSH cottage near Snowdon and Caernarvon. Furnished for six. Garage, electricity, main water, indoor sanitation. To let at once, 5gns. week, July 7gns., August 8gns., or by arrangement. Box 8538.

EXCHANGE 3-roomed flat N.W.11, rent-controlled £100 p.a., for cottage/flat/hse., Surrey (workng. Guildford). Box 6480.

EXCH.: s/c. unfurn. flat in Brighton, 2 bedrooms, all mod. con., in newly-converted block, £150 p.a. excl., for similar Central or North London. Box 8522.

EXCHANGE: 5-roomed unfurn. flat, 1st floor, no bath, rent £1 wkly., South London, 3 miles West End—for ground floor flat with gdn., or cottage, within 20 miles London. Higher rent if necessary. Box 8437.

EXCH. 5-room flat, centre Oxford, for accommodation secluded seaside 2-3 weeks July/August. Box 8615.

2 POST-Grad. students req. lge. dble. b/sit.-rm., kit./diningrm. & bathrm. or s/c flat. Chelsea/Pimlico/S. Kens/Bayswater/Holborn. Max. 4½gns. Box 8659.

DOCTOR urg. needs furn./unfurn. accom. pref. s/c. in Cent. London. Box 8517.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

ACCOM. London/50 ml. radius for elderly European couple shortly to be reunited after long separation, husband arriving from N. China. Interesting, cultured people, offer services (Russian, French, German, Chinese conversation, baby-sittg., companionship) in addition to small rent. Box 8618.

MUSICIAN (bachelor) requires 1 or 2 rooms where piano-playing permitted. Some meals; N.W. preferred. Box 8458.

YOUNG interior designer m. seeks unfurn. room(s). Lond. Attic or basement. Cent. pref. but anything considered. Box 8505.

WOMAN Civil Servant and her tabby cat want unfurn./partly-furn. flat/rooms, kitchenette, Central London. Box 8689.

WEMBLEY. Flat wanted. Business couple (no children). Year's rent in advance. 137a High St., Slough. Tel. 21000 evgs.

SCIENTIFIC Civil Servant and wife require fully/partly furnished flat, London area, middle of May. Box 8701.

ARCHITECT reqs. well-insulated Caravan in attrac. surroundings reas. accessible London occasional week-ends. Box 9980.

COUPLE, child 14 mths., seek holiday accom. walking distance sandy beach late June-July. South West preferred. Box 8147.

OXFORD. Post-grad. couple seek furnished/unfurnished accommodation beginning October. Reasonable rent. Box 8516.

LIVERPOOL. Librarian, wife, child (2½) sk. furn./unfurn. accom. Box 8539.

CHINESE/English couple, lim. means, 2nd baby expected August, desperately require unfurn. flat anywhere. Box 8510.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUPLICATING, typing, express service, office staff supplied. Southern Secretarial Agency, 69 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. ABB. 1511/2.

FIRST-class Duplctg./Typing serv. Dictation. Theses, MSS. etc. Confidential. Miss Stone, 447 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 5984.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS. of any length by arrangement, 24-hr. Duplicating service, 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

HAZEL Porteous will type your Thesis, Novel, Play or Technical MS. Efficient personal serv., highly recom. by prominent writers. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe, Suffolk.

A FIRST-Class Duplicating/Typing/Secretarial service. Mabel Fyles, 395 Hornsey Road, N.19. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

SECRETARIAL Aunts for all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand typists, etc. Literary and commercial typing, duplicating, etc. Four-day service for any length MS. Special rates for students and societies. 501/2 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Whitehall 6411/2.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

TYPING, etc.—continued

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

TYPING by Glover, Ebworth Park, near Stroud, Glos. Mod. charges. Refs.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

APRIL Penguins out to-day: P. G. Wodehouse "The Inimitable Jeeves, Right Ho, Jeeves, The Code of the Woosters, Leave it to Psmith, Big Money. John Buchan—"The Three Hostages. Pelicans: Child Care and the Growth of Love—John Bowlby. Philharmonic—Thomas Russell. Periodicals: New Biology. All 2s. each. Puffin Picture Book: Sailing—Laurence Sandy (2s. 6d.). Full list from Penguin Books, Ltd., Harmondsworth, Middx. U.S.A. readers please write Penguin Books Inc., 3300 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore 11, Md.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in five languages, Pages for Practice, "Translator's Commentary," Competitions and articles. 1s. monthly from newsagents, or 13s. yearly, including postage to any country, from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

"DIE Auslese" — Germany's foremost monthly digest. Specimen copy 1s. from Emgee, 33 Dartmouth Park Ave., London, N.W.5.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

SELLING 700 old & 2nd-hand books. Lists free Bayliss, 62 Highbury Hill, N.5.

BOOKS on Music and the Theatre.—List sent free on request. B. Heyman, 27 Lancaster Grove, London, N.W.3.

NIMRODS, The Book Hunters, solely engaged in tracing out-of-print and scarce books. Send your "wants" list to Nimrods, 3 Litchfield St., Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

WE want books by Bernstein, Borkenau, Bukharin, Kautsky, Pokrovsky, Rosenberg, Trotsky, etc., and all good books always. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

PURCHASED for spot cash. Recently published books, review copies, World Books, all books in new condition (complete with wrappers). Extraordinarily high prices paid. Up to half price for recent publications. Bernard Hanison, Ltd., of 11 Monmouth St., London, W.C.2., are noted for paying highest prices anywhere. Tem. 8264.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold—Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

HIMALAYAN & other Mountain books: lists from Chyngton Books, Seaford, Sx.

WHERE TO STAY

TARASCON: Explore Tartarin's country from camping site next famous chateau on Rhône. Ideal for swimming, cycling, painting. Good food and wine. Pension terms for campers 800 frs. per day. Box 8674.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Here is an hotel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comfortable and the food is excellent. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

PARIS. Pension de famille. Excel. ckg. Paris 10 mins. 950 frs. p. day inc. Mme. Ducros, 42 rue Bokanowski, Asnières, Seine.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks & Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London at 6*gns*. a week. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Road, Hindhead. Telephone: 548.

YORKSHIRE. Small country guest house 1,000 ft. Pennines, extensive views. Woods, moors. Bronte country. Modern conveniences, excellent menu. 15s. per day. Stamp for brochure. Crabtree, Bent Head, Pecket Well, Hebden Bridge. Phone H.B. 451.

OBAN. High tea, bed & bkfast. £4 10s. wkly. Double rooms only. Box 8441.

ALL Young Couples or friends needing early holidays in mild climate ("Britain's best," town claim) should consider our top floor twin-bedded rooms (all lower floors let until end of May) advantageous at 5/5½*gns*., including extras (early tea, gratuities, heating in bedroom). Rec. by readers, also Quakers, Toc H, W.V.S., etc., members. Normanhurst, Sea Front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Near orchestra; opp. double deck Prom., boating, fishing. Informative Brochures free (21 illus.).

BOURNEMOUTH. Superior bed-brkfst., nr. sea. Kinsale, 43 Clarence Pk. Rd.

AUSTRIA. Luxury hotel in modernised castle nr. Bregenz (Lake Constance). From 25s. daily incl. Details: Faith, 8 Gower Mews Mansions, London, W.C.1 (LAN. 6035).

PENDINE Sands. Homely comf. accom., beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, homely produce, 5½*gns*., special terms for family party. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire. No vacancies July 25 to August 29.

BANGOR, N. Ireland. Overlkg. sea. 2 mins. to Pool. Board res. Mod. Box 8598.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. apprvd. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

CARAVAN & chalets for country camping hol. beside West Looe River. Sea 2 mls. Shallowpool, Nr. Looe, Cornwall. Looe 278.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

FARM Holidays: 1953 Guide, describing "Britain's Best Farm Houses." Pages of pictures. 2s. 8*d*. post free. Farm Guide, Dept. N.S.N., 49, Broomlands, Paisley.

LAKES Charm. old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334.

STRAWBERRIES and Cream holidays in Devon. Mrs. Garness, Sea-View Guest House, Woolacombe, adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Bathe from house, surf-riding. 5½ to 7*gns*. per week. Tel. 44. Children welcome.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Commdr. H. G. Selby.

SKYE. Olive & Harry Hilditch welcome you to a carefree holiday at Dunollie Hotel. Broadford 253.

CWALL. Castle Rock Hotel (AA-RAC), Port Isaac for Position, Food, Comf., Enjoyment. Reduced tms. Easter/July 6-7½*gns*. High season 8-8½*gns*. Broch. Tel. 219.

BRITTANY. Quiet pension de famille in small fishing village. 1,200-1,300 frs. per day inclusive. Maerten, Kerminic, Plougasnou, Finistère.

BORROWDALE, Keswick, Leathes Cottage. Comfortable guest house. H. & C. all bedrooms. Central heating. On bus route. Centre for the high hills, near Derwentwater.

IRELAND—Country hotel in lovely Connemara. Modern sanitation. H.C. in bedrooms. Abundant well cooked meals. Private bathing beach. Boating, fishing, motor trips arranged. Brochure on request. Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Connemara, Galway.

KESWICK. Priorholm Guest House, Borrowdale Rd. Tel. Keswick 616. Excellent situation with Lake views. H. & C. Spring int. beds. Reduced terms Apr., May, Autumn.

COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts.-Essex border, 27 miles London. Good food, sunny rooms, large garden, peaceful surroundings. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263.)

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. £5 10s. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Boatlack, St. Just.

P.G.s welcomed. Any nationality, comf. cntry. house nr. Bath. Adults 15s. per day. Special terms family parties. Box 8015.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses —the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6*d*., postage 2*d*. from N. S Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

LAKE District. "Beck Allans," Grasmere. H.C. all bedrooms, terms mod. Broch. on request. Prop. A. & E. Wild. Tel. Gras. 129.

SPEND your holiday in lovely Shakespeare country Comfort combined with good food. Central. Terms 6*gns*. per week. Davies, 56 Rother Street, Stratford-on-Avon.

WRITER'S wife welcomes P.G.'s, cottage Fowey, Cornwall, 5-6*gns*. Breakfast and evening dinner. Write Box 8249.

BATH. Attrac. holidays at min. cost (recom.). Westley, 23 Royal Crescent.

RYE (near). Paying guests welcomed in country cottage, on bus route, five miles from sea. Farm produce. Grahame James, The Mill, Iden. Telephone: Iden 205.

CORNWALL. Marguerite House, Polperro. Bed, breakfast, evening meal. Central. Highly recommended. Modern conveniences. Terms on application to Miss Golding.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Lovely garden & beautiful scenery. Remarkably sheltered. Land of King Arthur. Log fires. Jersey milk and cream. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. Salmon, trout in season. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne. Television for Coronation. Excel. cuisine & all personal comforts guaranteed. Book now. Adults from 9*gns*. Manageress, Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 234.

COTE D'Azur, Hotel La Bonne Auberge, St. Raphael (Var). Full pension, incl. wine, taxes & serv., 1,350-1,500 frcs. p. day.

SWITZERLAND.—Book now for spring and summer in 3,370 ft. high Guest House on one of the finest spots of the world. Comfort, exc. cuisine, pers. attention. Daily: Fr. 15-16.50 all incl. Write brochure: Hotel-Pension Le Cerisier—Caux s/Montreux.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea. H. & C. bedrooms. Farm produce, excel. food. Mod.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Spring is the time to enjoy the country. Low terms Apl./June. Good food. Comfort. One visit and you will come again. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Eastbourne Line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

COTE D'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with 1st class French cuisine. All modern comforts. Own cabin cruiser and car. Illus. brochure—Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

INNSBRUCK, Tyrol. B. & B. 8*s*. 6*d*. English spoken. Mrs. Emmi Kratochwil, 3 Pembaurstrasse, Innsbruck.

COSSINGTON Guest House, nr. Bridgwater, Somerset. Excel. food & bedding. Easy access sea, golf, fishing. Max. 5½*gns*.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well-cooked, well-served. Own produce. Garage/parking. 5-7*gns*. No extras. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. 'Phone 2621.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty spot, sea and country, on S. Coast. 3 minutes sandy beach; H. & C.; Continental cooking; children welcomed. Golding, 52 Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

CHAGFORD, Devon. Come in Spring for the fresh loveliness of Dartmoor. Moor Park Hotel, a delightful old Coaching House, for hospitality & comfort. Modern amenities. Cocktail Bar, Riding; Trout Fishing. Central for runs to the coasts. A.A., R.A.C. Res. Props.: Randle & Robinson. Tel.: 2202.

EDINBURGH, West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. CEN. 4871.

SNOWDONIA. Sygun Fawr Hospice, Nr. Beddgelert. Private centre for walkers, climbers & families. Finely situated. Good food, hot baths, £4 17*s*. 6*d*. wk. incl. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

NATURIST Sun-bathing Holidays. Sunny Devon at Britain's Best Sun Club. Nice house, mod. cons., splendid grounds, camp sites, games. Full facilities nudist sun and air bathing. Write (encl. 1s.) for brochure, Secretary (C), N. Devon Club, Bexworthy, Devon.

N. CWALL Coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands 5 mins. H. & C. No extras Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

THAMES. Croft House, Burcot, nr. Abingdon. Oxford 8 miles. Forget the long winter in a Spring holiday here. Boating, Hard Tennis Court, Billiards, Putting. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. Clifton Hampden 232.

THE Hallams, Nr. Shamley Green, Guildford. For Conferences, Summer Schools, week-end groups as well as for the individual or family. Excellent catering. In superb scenery yet easy from London. Write for illustrated booklet.

LAKE District. Guests welcomed. Modern conveniences. Elevated position. Bella-vista, Grange, Keswick. Borrowdale 212.

COME to the Lakes for your holiday. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers magnificent views, attractive food, comfort in friendly atmosphere. Special facilities for climbers and Fell walkers. Anne Horner. 'Phone 508.

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking. Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Write for booklet.

Who (or what) in this world

does every man trust,

absolutely, unquestioningly

and as a matter of course?

His bank . . . His insurance office . . .

Who (or what) else? It's a searching question.

Of course, Life Assurance, as we know it

in this country, could not go on if the conduct of

its affairs were not above criticism.

But isn't it remarkable that such imperturbable

security should exist side by side with all the

vigour and imagination of

competitive business?

Then long live

Life Assurance

and the way of independence!

ISSUED BY THE LIFE OFFICES ASSOCIATION LONDON

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE Australian National University, Canberra, A.C.T. Applications are invited for the position of Reader in Public Administration in the Department of Political Science of the Research School of Social Sciences. The salary range for Readers is £1,590-£1,840, plus a cost of living allowance, at present £180 per annum. Superannuation will be under the University's scheme, which is based on F.S.S.U., or under the Commonwealth Superannuation Scheme. A year's study leave, with a travel allowance, will be granted after five years' service. Copies of the conditions of appointment and a statement about the office may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, with whom three copies of application should be lodged before May 31; these should include date and place of birth, age, marital status, war service, academic record, publications (single copies to be forwarded if available), appointments held, and the names of three referees.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). Elam School of Fine Arts. Applications are invited for a Senior Lectureship in Painting. Applicants should be qualified to teach Painting and Drawing to intermediate and senior students. Importance is placed upon the teaching of (i) the painting and drawing of the Head and Figure from Life; (ii) Figure Composition. Salary £1,000 per annum, rising to £1,200 per annum by annual increments of £50. Allowance made for travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for the receipt of applications is June 15, 1953.

LONDON County Council. Voluntary Controlled Grammar School. Sir Walter St. John's School, Battersea High Street, S.W.11, for 500 boys 11-18+, providing courses leading to G.C.E. (ordinary advanced and scholarship levels). Applications invited for post of headmaster; required September. Burnham Group 12; average unit total 1950-52 1,179. September roll expected to be about 470. Apply on form EO/TS10 Sec. (form EO/TS10B for candidates who have completed this form since June, 1951, and have nothing to add), obtainable from Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, S.E.1 (send stamped addressed foolscap envelope); closing date May 9.

TWO qualified Teachers (women) with Nursery School experience required for Sunshine Home residential Nursery School for 24 blind children aged under seven at Southport, Lancs. Previous experience of blind schools not essential. Sunshine Home opening September but appointments to take effect as soon as possible. Salary in accordance with Burnham Scale with two increments for Special School work and one extra increment. The posts are non-residential. Further particulars and application form from Secretary-General, National Institute for the Blind, 224-8 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

THE Folk House, Bristol: a centre for education and the arts. The Council of the Folk House invites applications for the post of Warden. Salary scale £650 × £25—£750; initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications, with copies of not more than three recent testimonials and the names of three referees, should reach the Chairman of the Folk House, College Green, Bristol 1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than May 4.

WHY not be a nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £225-£250 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Why not write now to the Matron, The Southern Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for full particulars of vacancies?

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Nursery Matron. Applications are invited from S.R.N. or S.R.C.N. for this post at a residential nursery for 24 children under 3 years of age. Salary £425 × £15 to £560 per annum, less £148 per annum for board and lodging. The appointment is pensionable and subject to medical examination. Applicants must have a genuine understanding of the needs of small children, and experience in residential work is desirable. Application (on forms from the Children's Officer, 3 Fell Road, Croydon) must be submitted by return of post. E. Taberner, Town Clerk.

EDITOR of Staff Association Journal requires assistant (part-time) capable of assuming responsibility in his absence. Shorthand-typing and secretarial experience essential. Applications in writing to Society of Civil Servants, Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, London, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1953. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1953, may eventually be announced. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science; in Biology the number of vacancies is small. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1953 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1953 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers, (men) £812—£1,022; (women) £681—£917; Scientific Officers, (men) £440—£707; (women) £440—£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes, (men) £440—£655; (women) £440—£576. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S 53/53 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/53—S.128/53 for the other posts.

PUBLIC Record Office: Assistant Keeper. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for two or more pensionable posts. Age at least 22 and under 26 on January 1, 1953; extension for regular service in H.M. Forces, and up to two years for other Forces service. Candidates must have a good knowledge of Latin and French. They must normally possess a First- or Second-class Honours Degree in Classics, Law or History; but candidates otherwise exceptionally well qualified academically, and candidates graduating in summer, 1953, may be considered. Salary (London): £440 by eight increments to £655 (men); £440 by five increments to £549 ((women). Starting salary increased by up to two increments for post-graduate experience and up to two further increments for compulsory service in H.M. Forces. Promotion prospects. Application forms and particulars from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 138/53. Application forms to be returned by May 14, 1953.

CROMPTON Parkinson, Limited, have an opening for a young man aged 23-25 at their lead acid battery factory in Newport, Monmouthshire. Applicants should preferably hold a degree in Chemistry or Physics and have a good knowledge of electrotechnology. A man with a little previous industrial experience is preferred, although a newly-qualified graduate would be considered. After a period of training in the factory and laboratory, the successful applicant will work with the Development Engineer on battery design and development. Good prospects and salary. Apply to Personnel Officer, Young Accumulator Co., Ltd., Stephenson Road, Newport, Mon.

EAST Sussex County Council. Applications are invited for the following appointments: Children's Home, Bexhill-on-Sea (a newly built home for nine school age children). Resident Married Couple, wife to act as Housemother, husband to follow normal employment with free board and lodging in return for some evening and week-end assistance. Resident Assistant Housemother, Marle Place, Burgess Hill (a Reception Centre for the observation of 30 children aged 5-17). Housefather and Housemother (resident married couple with not more than one child). Recognised salary scales. Further particulars obtainable (stamped addressed envelope) from the undersigned, to whom application forms should be returned within a fortnight of the appearance of this advertisement. J. D. Cooper, Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes.

ORGANISER for the Manchester and District Federation of Community Associations, working from Council of Social Service offices and in collaboration with the Local Education Authority. Initial salary £475-500 per annum according to ability and experience. Closing date May 15. Details from Hon. Secretary, M. & D. F.C.A., 16 Queen Street, Manchester, 2.

ASSISTANT, female, for Editorial and P/R work. Shorthand-typing essential. Some experience desirable. Start June 1 at £350 approx. Apply in writing Industrial Welfare Society, 48 Bryanston Square, W.1.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, men and women, for the extension of the pioneer work with problem families in many parts of the country. Residence with pay during training period. F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1953, but an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interviews will generally be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects, and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1953; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1953. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1953 with a view to obtaining, the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or the General Certificate of Education in appropriate subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 22 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £628-£786 (men); £533-£655 (women). Assistant Experimental Officers £274-£586 (men); £274-£490 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/53. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapist (male) and Assistant Occupation Therapist (female) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. National Whitley Council Salary Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees, to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex.

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. Principal: Clifford Ellis. Assistant Domestic Superintendent required, to commence as soon as possible. The post is chiefly catering with some cooking; salary from £200 per annum with residence. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire, H. W. Brand, Director of Educ., Education Department, Guildhall, Bath.

THE Students' Union of the London School of Economics is looking for an experienced Permanent Secretary; knowledge of Shorthand/Typing is essential. For details write to the Students' Union, Houghton Street, W.C.2, or telephone HOLborn 4872.

PROFESSIONAL organisation requires competent shorthand-typist to act as personal secretary; a well-educated beginner with good speeds would be considered. Salary according to age and experience. Apply immediately to the Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, London, W.1.

SHORTHAND-Typist reqd. at Psychiatric Clinic in W.1 area. Interesting work, congenial conditions. Staff canteen. Salary on Grade A, viz.: £205 p.a. at age 19, rising to £360 p.a. plus London Weighting (£285 p.a. plus London Weighting at age 25 and over). Applications to Secretary, Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, W.1.

EXCELLENT posts are available with professional men and sound business houses for well-educated girls with good secretarial training. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1. WHI. 0606, and 2 Broad St. Place, E.C.2. LON. 5397.

INDUSTRIAL Welfare Society, 48 Bryanston Square, W.1, require a Shorthand/Typist to act as Secretary to Assistant Director. Interesting work with opportunities for meeting people. Pension scheme. 5-day week. Salary according to qualifications. Please telephone AMB. 2401.

SHORTHAND-typist wanted, male, preferably some Italian, for W.1 office. Write Box 8731.

TEMPORARY/part-time Sh/typs. Interesting work, by hr./day/week. WHI. 5392.

WANTED for April, resident housekeeper for Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3.

EXPD. Resident Cook-Housekeeper wanted for professional woman's household of two, in pleasant part of Cambridge. Child not objected to. Own sitting-rm. Box 8662.

WANTED urgently, temporary resident cook-housekpr. Chelsea. Flaxman 1873.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MA. Oxon. (History, Somerville). Trained expd. teacher (incl. drama, dance). Clinical training in Child Psychology. Research, admin. & tutoring exp., seeks post, not nec. teaching, London, Sept. Box 8523.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

SPANIARD (24), grad. Chemistry, seeks work July-Sept. Laboratory or pharmacy pref. Alternatives considered. Box 8623.

EDUCATED Oxford (First-class Honours) and Princeton, young man with administrative and speaking ability, interest current affairs, and social conscience, desires more constructive employment than present, in any part world where climate tolerable. Free autumn at latest. Box 8478.

RETIRED from Colonial Medical Service, Medical Officer with wide interests and exp., having held highest ranking administrative posts, sks. interesting emplmnt., pref. admin., part/full-time. Pension inadequate but possible. Accordingly remuneration desirable but not imperative. Box 8655.

HONOURS Graduate, 20 years in electrical communications and geophysics, desires interesting job involving social contacts and outdoor applications in any scientific field. Box 8540.

YNG woman A.T.D. (27) sks. post juniors. Art, craft, some gen. subjs. Box 8518.

RESIDENTIAL, Personnel, Welfare or Political post reqd. by woman, wide experience public service, printing editorial and parliamentary procedure, etc. Daughter 5 yrs. Box 8514.

YOUNG lady graduate, knowledge langs., sks. interesting post abroad. Box 8562.

PERSONAL Secretary: Intelligent & well-educ. yng. woman seeks responsible position. Knowl. French and German. Box 8217.

WOMAN Honours Grad., expd. secretary/teacher of English as a foreign language, sks. post abroad. Avail. July. Box 8556.

A RESPONSIBLE job wanted by versatile yng. wmn. 6 yrs.' sec. exp. Interested entertainment world, books, people. Box 8596.

SWISS girl, good English, with seven-year-old son, seeks post as housekeeper with English family. Box 8550.

WELL-educated young lady, pleasant personality, seeks trainee or other position on paper, view to becoming journalist. Knowledge shorthand-typing. Box 8585.

WOMAN (33) sks. post as Assistant or Secry. Assistant to Personnel Manager. 7 yrs.' exp. in Personnel field. Box 8613.

SCHOLARSHIPS

SALZBURG Seminar in American Studies, Schloss Leopoldskron, Salzburg, Austria. Scholarships are offered for the following sessions: General Session, July 15 to August 23 (Art, Literature, Music, Philosophy, Political Science and Psychology). Economic Session: An Approach to the American Economy, August 30 to September 27. Lectures and seminars at the post-graduate level. General age range 23-35. Special attention given to those engaged in teaching, public life, or creative work, and to advanced students. For further information and application forms please write promptly to Salzburg Seminar, 55 Upper Brook Street, London, W.1. For the General Session, application forms must be returned by May 1, and for the Economic Session by July 1.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. K.G. 15*gns*., Junior and Senior Schools 18*gns*. The School has a small group of weekly boarders and there are 2/3 vacancies at present. Boarding charge 25*gns*. p. term in addition to tuition fees.

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £50 term. Good academic results. Children/parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs. A happy purposeful community of a dozen adults and 50 children aged from 4-13. Recog. by Min. of Educ. Fees £140 to £165 p.a.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

1823 Sm., S.W.1. Frhold. close River & Abbey. Original appearance preserved in restoration. Lge. "L"-shaped drawingrm. first floor, full sun a.m. & p.m. Small paved gdn. secluded by ancient willow, vine arbour. RV £56, £5,000 possn. July. Box 8561.

£1,750. Freehold country cottage in ¼ acre, 3 bedrms. Excellent condition, peaceful surroundings. Nr. Hereford. Apply 128 Widemarsh St., Hereford.

HERTFORD. Detached house for sale vacant possession. 3 Bed., bathroom, 2 reception, garage, garden. £4,000. Box 8558.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

CAMBRIDGE Vacation Course on Twentieth Century English Literature. A Residential Course of unusual interest for both British and Foreign Students of English Literature will be held in Madingley Hall, Cambridge, from June 23-July 10, 1953. Full particulars from F. E. Bell, M.A., Stuart House, Cambridge.

FABIAN Summer Schools, 1953—August 15/22, Birchfield House, Hope, Derbyshire; August 22/29, Wilton Park, Wiston House, Steyning, Sussex; August 29/September 5, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Apply: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

HOLIDAY Course for Continental Students. The 7th Course will be held this summer from July 25 until September 19 and is open to young people of all nationalities over the age of 15. Extensive curriculum in English Language and Literature. Graduate staff. Delightful country house standing amongst pinewoods on coast of a 2,000-acre estate, with direct access to half a mile of private beach. Excellent and plentiful food. All sports. Illustrated prospectus from the Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

N.C.L.C. Summer Schools, 1953. In Britain: On number of subjects including Industrial Management, Workers' Control and Joint Consultation, Labour and Britain's Tasks Today, Public Speaking Training, History of the Trade Union Movement. Fee £5 15s. Foreign Schools in Denmark: The Danish Trade Union and Labour Movement. Fee, including fare, £22. Apply to J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Sec., N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

PERSONAL

ST. Tropez. 2 seats car June 1, returning 16th approx. Share expenses. Box 8632.

FLAT St. Tropez. 2 bed., 1 living room-kitchen. June 16-30. £6 wkly. Box 8633.

WEYMOUTH: holidays for children 7-16. Homely atmosphere, good food. Supervision by qual. staff. Bathing excursions, picnics, etc. Vacs. July 25-Aug. 22. Sec., Rodwell Summer School, 49 Coborn Rd., E.3.

SCHOOLGIRL, 15, Grammar VIth Form, industrious, intelligent, reliable, seeks residential post with family for Summer holidays. Clerical, library help, anything considered. Refs. exchanged. Box 5802.

YOUNG mother with baby seeks home/position. Exp. Sec./Sh. Typist. Go anywhere. Anyone help? Box 8486.

WANTED: Continental girl, wishing to learn English. Excel. home. Willing to help with extremely light duties in exchange for keep and pocket money. Apply: Davidson; 40, Childwall Park Avenue, Liverpool, 16.

GLOVER, Ebworth Park, nr. Stroud, offers food-reform holiday from 3gns. Children.

CAR-Owner (woman) invites companion (f.) share expenses holiday abroad. Willing consider any attrac. suggestion. Box 8554.

ARTIST, extensive experience children, reliable, exchange baby-sitting, instruction, etc., one light furn./unfurn. room, London. Or welcome suggestions. Box 8552.

AUSTRIAN lady wishes stay as P.G. with educated family to practise English, 1-2 months, nr. London pref. Box 8435.

IMPECUNIOUS woman artist wishes form small party Cent. Spain Aug. Box 8354.

CHILDREN over 9, any nationality, welc. country house nr. Bath. Own produce, riding, happy family atmosphere. Vacancies school summer vacation. £5 wk. Box 8016.

COLONIAL, graduate, wide interests, ex-paratroops, car, wants paying evening work London. Box 8567.

TATTERED poet, or similar loafer, able prepare mid-day meal for schoolboy, required May-Sept., to watch straying cattle, Jura mountains. Box 8565.

FORTNIGHT'S motoring in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy. Fr. May 23. M, 29, invites another. Exp. shared. Box 8574.

MAN, 33, country-lover, sks. similar share hitch-hike N. Wales Whit-wk. Box 8547.

THAMES river holidays for boys, August, September, sailing/camping at moderate cost. Season's prospectus: M. J. H. Purvis, Reed Cottage, Thanington, Canterbury.

ADVICE given on statistical aspect of reports and investigations. Box 8584.

MAJORCA. June vacancies, 4gns. wk.; Mrs. Friend, Cementera, Soller.

TWO young women sk. holiday post Aug., driving/hskeeping./secretl./piano/organis. square dancing, almost anything. Box 8634.

2 adventurous yng. men, go anywhere, do anything, bar assassination. Box 8575.

STUDENT 25 needs work 3 mnths. from June; can drive. Any offers? Box 8573.

FREE hospitality in jolly house-party offd. to 1-2 adults with 1-2 children (not under 7 yrs.) for wk. May 31/June 6, lovely Devon village. Interview London. Box 8569.

MEDICAL student (F) seeks room at reduced rent, return for some chores, baby-sitting, &c. Away most wk-ends. Box 8566.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good cheap antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

PERSONAL—continued

PLEASE book this time and date: 8.25 p.m., Sunday next, April 26, B.B.C. All Home services—Vice-Chancellor Oxford University appeals on behalf of Famine Relief.

ISLAND holiday, small fully furn. cottage on remote island off coast Donegal. 4 comf. beds, water, some mod. cons.; daily help. Own beach & use of dinghy. May to June 12, and July 11-30 fallen vacant. Rent 7gns. wkly. Mayo, WEL. 1740.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL Excavation: male students or others (under 35) reqd. 1/2 wks. from June 22. Wiltshire. Transp./accom. provided. Partics. to Box 8644.

ST. Ives Festival Week June 6-14 with Cockaigne Club; 9gns. incl. transport. 18 Manor Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 7523.

FRENCH taught conversationally by thoroughly experienced Parisian. Henri Bernot, 7 Gwynn House, Lower Sloane Street, S.W.1. (SLO. 3851.)

LADY sks. another intd. holiday E. & S. Spain. Total cost including railway fares £45 for approx. 4 weeks. Box 8627.

CAR Tour from home to S. France—or elsewhere. Brochure. Box 8624.

PAINTER/Violinist, 40, wants accommodation—study, walking holiday. Not advanced. Box 8622.

YOUNG Parisian teaches French. Lesson 5s. POPesgrove 8527 or Box 8603.

STUDIO pottery at Notting Hill Gate has a few vacancies for pupils. Tuition by professional potters. Terms daily or hourly. Apply D. Higbee, 1 Trevanion Road, West Kensington, W.14.

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid notes your ordinary writing. Full course 15s. M.A. Educ. (N), 119 Brent St., N.W.4.

CANAL Cruising holidays for fine scenery. Comfortable cruisers for 2 or 6 people. Houseboat with motorboat on a lovely lake. May, June, July, September. Canal Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs.

NEWLANDS, Reg. Nursing Home, Langley Hill, King's Langley, Herts. Tel. K.L. 2519/3333. For med., post-operative & convalescent patients. Reduced terms prof. people.

ISRAEL Vacation Tours for Jewish Students and Graduates. Illustrated brochure from P.A.T.W.A., 4 Bloomsbury Place, W.C.1.

GOING Abroad? Join one of our parties at lowest prices obtainable. 8 days in Brussels or Paris, £12 10s. Also parties to Germany, Italy and Switzerland, 15 days from £29. Write for full details to: Hilgrove, 5 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

8TH August. Air travel to or from Munich included in Austrian tours, also coach tours to Dolomites and Vienna. Other Saturdays beginning July 11, air travel to Basle, Swiss centres Wilderswill and Locarno. 14-15 nights hotel, all in, £29-£42. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

FOREST School Camps. Adventurous holidays in August for boys and girls 6½ to 18. Expeditions & hikes. Trained staff. Apply A. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

YUGOSLAV Holidays from £27 10s. (15 days inc.) Also Israel, Africa and countries in Europe. Programme, send stamped addressed envelope to Holiday Friendship Service, 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127), will continue throughout Spring & Summer to welcome novices and others for any period from 1 week. Most Crafts, both simple & more advanced, catered for.

THE Different Holiday. 12-day cruises on England's lovely Waterways. Brochure: Waterborne Tours, BCM/Canals (C), W.C.1.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

COLONIC Irrigations by S.R.N., Clinic, 13 Oldbury Place, W.1. Welbeck 2787.

WRITE about "You"—and increase your income. Send for Free N 3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17 Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

RELAXATION-therapy for various nervous conditions. Manipulation, Massage, Osteopathy. The Nerve Centre, 1, Bentinck St., London, W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for bruch.

EDUC. Frenchman teaches French. Conversn., reading, writing, trnsl. Box 8500.

PIANO: Joyce Rathbone, L.R.A.M., gives thorough musical & technical training to pupils at all stages. 7 Langbourne Ave., London, N.6 (Tel. MOU. 7407).

GUITAR lessons. Technique. Theory. Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

JUAN Les Pins, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, St. Raphael. Bookings arranged for hotels and apartments by Englishman living at Juan Les Pins. No commission. Box 7867.

ISRAEL & U.S.A. The World Union of Jewish Students announces for Summer 1953 its Israel International Work Camp; U.S.A. Study Tour; reduced student fares to Israel. Apply in writing only to 60 Marlborough Place, London, N.W.8.

PERSONAL—continued

HOLBORN Borough Council. Election helpers urgently wanted. Labour Committee Room, 10 North Mews, Northington St., Grays Inn Rd. CHA. 4791.

WHITSUN and Spring flower holidays! Enjoy sunshine and gaiety with my parties to Spain, Austria, or with one of my English Whitsun parties in Sussex and a Thames-side hotel in Berkshire. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

DON'T let the weather spoil your holiday this year! Enjoy a Contours Mediterranean holiday with guaranteed sunshine. Ask for 52-page Contours holiday planning book—it is more than a list of "tours." Our book suggests ideas but it is your personal requirements that determine the exact form your Contours holiday will take. Contours Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. MUS. 8499/6463.

STUDENT Travel Summer, 1953—giving details of tours from Andorra to Yugoslavia, and from Austria to Zeeland, by air, sea and rail; and giving N.U.S. facilities for individual travel, student exchange and of the International Summer University, is now available from the National Union of Students, Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

NOW that the Allowance has been increased it will pay you more than ever to let "Foreign Travel" arrange your holiday abroad. Our new 1953 programme includes some suggestions for exceptionally attractive coach tours to Austria, Spain, France, Italy and Yugoslavia, etc., from as little as 29gns. Comfort, good food and smooth efficiency assured throughout. Illustrated brochure on application to Foreign Travel, Ltd., 141 Ellesmere Rd., N.W.10. GLAdstone 2239.

HOLIDAYS in France: 2 months' stay in selected families for educated young ladies. Light housework, looking after children, in exchange for board and lodging. References. Longer stay up to 9-12 months, with pocket money. Enc. s.a.e. Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

ALPINE Flowers in the Pyrenees and Andorra—an informal study tour departing June 14. 15 days 34½ gns. The low-cost visits to Florence-Pisa-Siena-Rome are repeated August 7 and 30. 15 days 31 gns. Details (s.a.e.) E.T. Assoc., c/o World University Serv., 59 Gloucester Pl., London, W.1.

SEE Spain. Special Coronation Offer! Travel allowance up to £40—Our prices down to 32 gns. for a 15-day Holiday. For the following Holiday Centres: Palma de Mallorca, Rosas, Tossa de Mar, Caldetas, Deva, Andorra. Departures: May 10, 24, 31; June 7; Sept. 13, 20, 27; October 4, 11, 18; December 20. Visit Spain at its Best. Avoid July-August rush and heat. Early and late Summer weather is most delightful and scenery most enchanting. Hotel-keepers and Guides can give far more personal attention to needs of Holiday-makers. Send for Free Illustrated Brochure: See Spain, Ltd. (Dept. NS), 50/51 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. CHAncery 4627/8.

CONTINENTAL Holidays. Not mass produced but individually arranged. Our brochure offers hundreds of European and Sterling Holidays from £17 for 10 days. Special: Two and Three Centre Tours: Spring in Paris, Channel Islands: Air and Coach Tours. Your holiday easily arranged by post. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., 111, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Whitehall 4114/5.

SEE Yugoslavia. Special Coronation offer! Travel Allowance up, our prices down. 16-day luxury Coach Tour, Bled-Zagreb-Belgrade - Sarajevo - Mostar - Dubrovnik - Split-Opatija-Ljubljana. Now reduced to only 49 guineas. Departures May 16, June 13, Sept. 5, Oct. 3. Price for all other rail holidays reduced by one guinea. Visit Yugoslavia at its best. Avoid July-August rush and heat. Early summer freshness or late summer climate will make unforgettable holidays in the Land of Sunshine and Beauty. Send for Free Illustrated Brochure. See Yugoslavia, Ltd., Dept. NS., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 9351/2.

CORSICA for an inexpensive "out of the ordinary" 14 days sunshine holiday at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi by air and full board and accommodation for only £39 10s. Plan now. Write or phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. CS17), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

SEE New Lands this summer. Write for our programme of walking tours, etc., in 16 different countries. Small and friendly groups will use small hotels for active holidays, giving opportunities to meet people and see new lands in a pleasantly unconventional way. Charges from £18 inclusive. Ramblers' Association Services, 48a Park Rd., Baker St., London, N.W.1.

STOP Taking Chances with your camera. Take really good photographs instead on Ferrania, the guarantced film.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

WEEK-END party New Forest, May 1-4, with riding and walking, invites few others. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

BAVARIAN Lakes, Austria, Switzerland, June 6-21. Owner of large car seeks expense-sharing companions. Box 8687.

PERSONAL—continued

MR. Charles Neil, Principal of the Isobel Cripps Centre, will accompany a small party to the Bircher-Benner Clinic, Zurich, from May 9 to 23, for the purpose of combining the Clinic's therapeutic approach with the Isobel Cripps Centre's method of re-educating posture and tension. Details from Secretary, 18 Lansdowne Road, London, W.11. Park 7222.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC 0820.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

DRAMATIC Societies, Managements or Authors can stage Productions or Tryouts at Irving Theatre, Irving St. WHI. 3678.

P.S. There are just 6 vacant places for special Musicians' Tour of Italy visiting Milan, Verona, Venice and Rome—escorted party limited to 20 persons—departure August 3rd, 16 days, 37gns.

P.P.S.—Also Summer Schools in Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Spain, Yugoslavia. Write to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

MISCELLANEOUS

DINING-room table (D-ends), sideboard, chairs, etc., Georgian style, perfect condition. Also divan, armchairs, &c. Remainder of deceased estate. Tel. mornings MAI. 4997.

LEAGUE of Coloured Peoples, 3 Robert St. N.W.1. Modern rooms available for committees, socials, rehearsals, etc., very reasonable rates. Apply Secretary, EUS. 8864.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

FOUNDATION of children's indoor play, lots of all-purpose plain wooden bricks £1 per 100. Walt Tiler, 62 Old Farm, Sidcup.

TICKING. Festherproof and waxed, superb material. Striped, 56in. wide, only 7s. 6d. yard. Plain, 38in. wide, only 4s. 6d. yard. Post 1s. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 81), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3, Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry; and White List of furs humanely obtained. Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

ENVELOPES, 1,000 6 × 3½ 13s. Dupl. paper, 1 rm. qto., 10s. 6d. Other bargains; send for price list. L. Warson, 7 Newton Av., N.10.

DELICATESSEN by post. Apply for list I. Panzer, 24 Notting Hill Gate, London.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

HARTMAN'S of Mayfair. Room seating about 60 for Parties, Lectures, etc. Mod. prices. 65 South Audley St., W.1. GRO. 1586.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Chambers's Encyclopædia, perfect condition, offers nearest £50; Books History/Economics; Modern Microscope, £26, cost £50; German Linguaphone, £5; Typewriter, portable, Royal "Quiet-de-luxe," superb export model, £30; 22ft. Caravan, furnished home, £450 o.n.o.

WANTED: Orwell's "Keep the Aspidistra Flying"; Handbook Marxism; Massryk, Spirit Russia; Dutch Linguaphone and Books.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Evgs. 7.30, Sats. 6 and 8.30. Theatre Workshop. "Arms and the Man" by Shaw.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.) St., Sun. 5 & 8. "The Seagull." Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). New Musical Revue "Turn it Up!" prod. by Alfie Bass. Wed.-Sun., 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. London's only Late-Night Theatre. Evenings (ex. Mon.). 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Round the Square," a saucy, satirical Revue. Membership 5s. yearly.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until April 26: "Rashomon" (X). From April 27: Charming Italian film, "Springtime in Italy" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Apr. 26, 7.30. "Bambino" (U) (Italian).

CELEBRATE May Day with "The Emperor's Baker"—Czechoslovakia's hilarious film comedy in colour. Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., London, W.1, Sunday, May 3, 7.15 p.m. Seats: 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., bookable in advance. S.a.e. to Education Ctee., British Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont Street, London, S.W.1.

"NANOOK of the North," Flaherty's Arctic classic, 7.30, April 30. Guest tickets (advance only), 2s. 6d. Sec., Hammersmith Film Soc., Town Hall, W.6. RIV. 6011.

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406). Sunday, April 26, 7.30 p.m. Ilford Town Hall. Donskoi's outstanding "Childhood of Maxim Gorki," Painlevé's "Sea-horse," supporting programme.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.I.B. Dance, Sat., April 25, 7.30-11, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 4s.

CONCERTS

BOYD Neel Orch. Mon., Apl. 27, at 8. Chelsea Town Hall. Cond. David Tidboald. Soloists: Alexander Young, Clive Lythgoe. Mozart Divertimento, Tidboald-Spender Poems (1st perf.), Ferguson Piano Concerto, Tchaikovsky Serenade, 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. Chappell's & doors. Mgt. N. Choveaux.

BACH: Jesu, Priceless Treasure. Kodaly: Missa Brevis. Hampstead Choral, Hampstead Parish Church, Tue. Apr. 28, 8. Cond.: Martindale Sidwell. Organ: Ralph Downes.

EDMUND Rubbra on "Modern Music" (4th of 5 Illust. Lectures sponsored by L.B.S. & Eric Greene, Esq.) 6.30 p.m., Tuesday, April 28, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tkts. 2s. 6d.: Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., or Hall on night of Lecture.

G. P. TELEMANN: Opera "Pimpinone" & cantata "Ino" (Patricia Hughes, Ilse Wolf, Norman Platt). Telemann Orchestra. Cond.: W. Bergmann. April 30, May 2, 7.30 p.m. Mary Ward Theatre, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Reserved seats only: 5s.

MOZART Opera Co. Sun., April 26, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. 8 p.m. "The Telephone," "Menotti. "The Impresario," Mozart. Apply guest tkts. Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W.8. Wes. 7513.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, Fri., May 1st. 8 p.m. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Trio for flute, oboe & piano, John Addison. Trio for violin, cello & piano, Arnold Cooke. Trio for flute, oboe & piano, Franz Reizenstein. Wilfred Brown, Tenor. The Sylvan Trio; The Kantrovitch Trio. Members 2s. Guests 3s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

STUDIO Emiel, Paintings and sculpture by Emiel Hartman. April 30-May 21. 10-5 p.m. 151a Gloucester Rd., (nr. Tube).

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: XXth Century Form: Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. 11-6, Sun. 2-6. Closed Mons.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, Old Bond Street, W.1. Rodin: Sculptures and Drawings.

EXHIBITION of Mural Paintings. Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, W.1. Till May 2. Mondays-Fridays 10-7; Saturdays 10-5. Adm. Free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Memorial Exhibition: Paintings by Harry Bloomfield. Modern paints., inc. first version of Sickert's "Raising of Lazarus."

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Roy de Maistre. Watercolours by Costa. Until May 1.

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton. State Apartments with Regency furniture. Open daily 10-6, including Sundays.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery. Glyn Philpot, R.A. Comprehensive Exhibition of paintings, watercolours and drawings. April 3 to May 3. 10-7, Sundays 2.30-5.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibition: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Dly. (Sun exc.) 10-5. Free.

MEXICAN Art. An Arts Council Exhibition arranged with the Mexican Government. Tate Gallery. Open till May 3. Weekdays 10-9, Sundays 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d., after 6 p.m. 1s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

EARLY English Landscapes from Colonel Grant's Collection. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Till May 9. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

BALLET Designs from the Collection of John Carr-Doughty. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Till May 9. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., Charing X Rd., W.C.2 (round corner from Zwemmer's Bookshop). Paintings & Drawings, Jan Le Witt. 9.30-6 inc. Sats.

MATTHIESEN'S: Recent Paintings by Nadia Benois. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until May 9. 142 New Bond St., W.1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by John Christoforou and Gouaches by Norman Town.

LIBERTY of Regent Street invite you to the first Exhibition in England of Paolo Venini's decorative glass and his celebrated Venetian masque figures. 4th floor, Gt. Marlborough Street building. May 1-16.

"PARIS-Londres." Mainly pictures acquired recently in France by Corot, Renoir, Sisley, Morisot, Jongkind, Boudin, Vuillard, etc.; 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton Street, W.1.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Portraits by Contemporary British Artists, incl. prize-winning entries of Portrait Competition. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Paintings by Lieselott Henderson-Begg. Daily 11-7.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BROADCASTING and Religion: A Protest. Public Meeting in the Court Room, Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Tuesday, April 28, 1953. Doors open at 6.30 p.m. for 7 p.m. Chairman: J. Reeves, M.P. Speakers: Lord Chorley of Kendal; Fenner Brockway, M.P.; R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.; Peter Freeman, M.P.; M. Philips Price, M.P.; Rev. R. W. Sorensen, M.P.; C. Bradlaugh Bonner; F. A. Ridley. Admission Free.

"MEDICINE and Social Policy."—The Hastings Memorial Lecture of the British Medical Association will be given by Professor F. A. E. Crew, F.R.S., Professor of Public Health and Social Medicine at Edinburgh, at B.M.A. House on Wednesday, May 6, 1953, at 6.30 p.m. Chairman: The Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, M.P. Admission free by ticket obtainable from Public Relations Department, B.M.A., Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The Historic Bases of Conflicts Law" will be given by Professor H. E. Yntema (Michigan), 5.30, Apr. 30, King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Adm. free without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled "On English Spelling" will be given by Professor S. d'Ardenne (Liège), at 5.15 p.m., April 30, Bedford College, Regent's Park, N.W.1. Adm. free without ticket.

"FOOD Supplies and Population." Will advances in Medicine cause more misery than they relieve by leading to a quicker rise in population than in food production? Discussion opened by Dr. D. G. Leys and Professor J. B. S. Haldane. Medical Association for Prevention of War Conference, Saturday, May 2, 2 p.m. Convocation Hall, Church House, S.W.1. Open to doctors and members allied professions.

R. M. WARD on "The Influence of Literature: Omar Khayyam." Thurs., May 1, 6.30. All welc. No colln. Lond. Br., Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

POALE Zion May Day Meeting, Thursday, April 30, 8 p.m. Adolph Tuck Hall, Woburn House, W.C.1. Speakers: Anthony Greenwood, M.P., Julius Braunthal (Secy. to Socialist International), Dr. S. Levenberg, Z. Haring. Chairman: Dr. S. A. Miller (Chairman, Poale Zion). Adm. free. All welcome.

ANNUAL general meeting of members. At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, April 26, at 11 a.m.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. April 26: "True Devotion." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace. Craven Road.

SOCIETY for Sex Education & Guidance. "Christian Attitude to Sex and Marriage." Canon H. C. Warner, M.A., Wednesday, April 29, 7 p.m., Conway Hall. Adm. free.

"JUDAISM: The Guide of Our Lives"—Confirmation Service Address by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., April 26 at 11 a.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

PUBLIC Enquiry into vicious "Comics." Naomi Mitchison, Maurice Orbach, M.P., Peter Mauger and others. Sunday, April 26, 6.30 p.m. Woburn Hall, Upper Woburn Pl., W.C.1. Tickets 6d. at door or from Hon. Secs.: FIN. 1026 and WOO. 0738.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., April 29, 7.30 p.m. at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Budget," The Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, M.A. Adm. 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"FRENCHMAN'S Choice." M. Robert Wieder lectures on a Frenchman's view of English writers at The National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, 7.30 p.m., Thurs., April 30. Chairman: Richard Church. Adm. 3s. 6d. N.B.L. and French-British Society members, 2s. 6d.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts. Tues., Apl. 28th, 8.30 p.m. Discussion on the International Sculpture Competition. Speakers will include Sir Philip Hendy; Professor Wittkower; A. J. T. Kloman; David Sylvester; Bernard Meadows; Chairman, Sir Gerald Barry. Members 2s. Guests 3s. Wed., Apl. 29th, 8.30. Poetry, Laurie Lee & Norman Cameron will read from their own works. Members 2s. Guests 3s. Fri., May 1st, see under Concerts. Sun., May 3rd, 8.30. A reading from "In Parenthesis" & "Anathemata," by David Jones. Produced by Douglas Cleverdon. Chairman, Harman Grisewood. Members 2s. Guests 3s.

SHAW Society: "Shaw as I Knew Him," by S. K. Ratcliffe; chair.: J. F. Horrabin. Mon., Apl. 27, 7 p.m., 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Non-members welcome (2s.). Bulletin from 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

TRAFALGAR Sq. next Sat., May 2, Rally for Freedom. Organisers: Cheap Food League, Free Trade Union, Land Value Taxation League, The Georgeists, United Committee for Taxation of Land Values.

H. J. SCHONFIELD: "Pacifism," New Generation Group of Hampstead Ethical Soc., 1 Hampstead Gdns., nr. Belsize Park, Monday, April 27 at 8 p.m.

D. G. MACRAE: "Is Humanism Escapist?" Hampstead Ethical Society, at 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Childs Hill, Sunday, April 26, at 7.45.

"EX-SERVICE Movement for Peace" Rally, Trafalgar Sq., Sun., Apr. 26, 3 p.m. Towards International Understanding.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Thursday, April 30, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in French by Mr. Robert Coffin, Man of Letters. Subject: "L'Emigration Wallonne aux Etats-Unis." Adm. free.

UNIVERSALIST Service, 6 p.m. Sunday, April 26. Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, W.C.1. (Near Euston Stn.). Discourse by Dr. Belden. The Unity of All Religions. P.P.U. Religion Commission.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, 7.15 p.m., Friday, April 24. Under the auspices of the French Embassy, "The Political Position in France."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings, at 11 o'clock. Apl. 26. Joseph McCabe, "Forecasts of the Future." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

UNIVERSITY of London Fabian Society. Mrs. Barbara Wootton: "The Labour Party and the Social Service." Friday, May 1, London School of Economics, 8 p.m.

"STREET Order and Public Places Order Bill": A.M.S.H. Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tues., April 28, 3 p.m. Chair: Mrs. Corbett Ashby, LL.D. Speakers: Rev. R. W. Sorensen, M.P., Mrs. Lefroy, C. R. Hewitt, Miss M. Chave Collisson.

SAVE Rosenbergs. All-London Meeting, Mon., April 27, at 7.30, Islington Town Hall. D. N. Pritt, Q.C., presents New Facts.

COPERNICUS—talk by J. G. Crowther, scientist; Polish Cult. Inst., 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Fri., Apr. 24, 7.45. Adm. free.

SCHOPENHAUER Soc. Free Lecture, Caxton Hall, Thurs., Apr. 30, 7.45. "Schopenhauer & Christianity," Mrs. Reichbach.

PERSONALIST Group. Peter Fletcher on "Psychology and or Religion." Conway Hall, Tues., April 28, at 7.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 2 at 6 p.m. Signora Wharton-Woods: "Sardegna—la mia isola."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures will be given by Professor Franklin Frazier (Department of Social Sciences, U.N.E.S.C.O.) at 5 p.m., on May 4, 7, and 8, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. May 4: Theoretical Structure of Sociology; May 7: A Sociological Frame of Reference for the Study of Race and Culture Contacts; May 8: The Role of the Family in Social Assimilation. Admission free, without ticket.

DR. E. Graham Howe, "The Yes, the Nay, and the Middle Way of Life"—a series of five lectures on vitality, at 7.30 p.m., on Wednesday evenings, April 29, May 6, 13, 27, and June 3, at the Assembly Room, Central Hall, Westminster (Matthew Parker Street entrance). April 29—"Expansion and Contraction: the Problem of our Energy." Admission 3s. 6d. per lecture or 14s. the whole course. For receipt card guaranteeing reserved seats apply with remittance to Edwin Hain, The Bridge House, 2 Cadogan Gdns., S.W.3.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.): London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London (Department of Extra-Mural Studies). Summer term 1952. Lecture-Recitals by Philip Dore on the Clavier Works of J. S. Bach. In the Concert Hall at the London College of Music, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.1, on Wednesdays at 6 p.m., beginning April 29. Works to be studied will include the Partitas, the Clavierubung Pt. III; the Toccatas, the Art of Fugue, and Book II of the "48." For details and syllabus, apply The Director of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

"NEW Developments in the Theatre." Progressive League Whitsun Conference, May 22-25, at Lodge Hill, Pulborough. Chairman: L. A. G. Strong. Speakers include A. V. Coton: Ballet, Rupert Doone: Experiments in the Theatre, Richard Findlater: The Future of the Theatre. Social activities: rambling, play-reading, ballroom and country dancing. Fees, Members £3 7s. 6d., Non-Members £3 12s. 6d. Apply: Mr. Ivor Lewis, 49 Nassington Rd., N.W.3. Tel.: HAM. 2969.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Graduate Courses in (1) Mechanical Engineering, (2) Chemical Engineering. (3) Metallurgy will be given in the Faculty of Science during the session 1953-54. Courses will be open to graduates with industrial experience and will last one year (October-July). Applications and enquiries to: The Registrar, The University, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15.

A POTTERY Course will be run in Bath, July 27-August 7. Fee £10 10s. non-resident. Full details from: John Shelly, The Bath Pottery, Barton Buildings, Bath.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 22gns., 21 days, 26gns.) covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. Sleeper berths available for the night journey, supplement 3rd class 1½gns.; 2nd class—2½gns. After paying for accommodation, meals, etc., spending money available out of your £40 currency allowance will be £31 for 14 days or £27 for 21 days. Write for leaflet "1953 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.1.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Lectures on French Literature in French, every Wed., 8.15. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Telephone: Park 4465.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Courses in English for Foreign Students. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships avail. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

KYNASTON School of Pianoforte, 21 Denmark Ave., S.W.19 (WIM. 0168) and West-End Studio. Long est. reputation for musical training. Leschetizky technique. Pupils taken all stages. Prosp. & School Magazine "The Keyboard" from Sec. Tel. or Write.

ART Director gives private tuition fashion & prestige advertising. Box 8131.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 7967 p.m.

FRENCH & German. Coaching for examinations, refresher courses for Continental travel, beginners. Miss D. Turnbull, B.A. (Oxon.), 18 Abercorn Pl. N.W.8. CUN. 6780.

LANGUAGES incl. Russian. English for foreigners, in comf. informal atmosphere at Language Centre, Gayton Rd., N.W.3. Expd. teachers, mod. fees. HAM. 9097.

HAMPSTEAD Secretarial College, Heath House, Lyndhurst Terrace, N.W.3. Telephone: HAMpstead 7228. Secretarial Training For Intelligent People. Principal: Miss Margaret Darvill, B.A. (Oxon).

TOUCH-typing and/or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

PITMAN'S Shorthand. Private individual tuition in sunny, pleasant flat near Baker Street. No classes. Phone: PAD. 6929.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY 2816.

For Summer Schools see Page 503

More Classified Adverts. on Page 500—503

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.